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NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

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Federal-aid knockdown

On March 14 the House version of the Thomas ("leave it to the States") bill went down for the count in a tight 13-12 vote of the Committee on Education and Labor. *Against:* Democratic Reps. Lesinki (Ch., Mich.), Kennedy (Mass.), Burke (Ohio), Barden (N. C.), Lucas (Texas), Steed (Okla.); Republican Reps. McConnell and Kearns (Penna.), Gwinn (N. Y.), Smith (Kan.), Nixon and Werdell (Cal.), Velde (Ill.). *For:* Democratic Reps. Kelley (Penna.), Powell (N. Y.), Wier (Minn.), Howell (N. J.), Jacobs (Ind.), Wood (Ga.), Bailey (W. Va.), Irving (Mo.), Perkins (Ky.), Sims (S. C.); Republican Reps. Brehm (Ohio), Morton (Ky.). On a motion to reconsider, Mr. Brehm switched to "no," and Mr. Burke to "yes." This means that the Committee has turned down the *Barden bill* (March 1, by a vote of 15-9), the *Kennedy amendment* (March 7, by a vote of 16-9), and now the Thomas bill. The major positions of advocates of Federal aid have all now been repulsed. Federal aid, however, is only "down," not "out." Mr. Jacobs still intends to press for a bill giving \$136 million to the "needy" States only, without the Kennedy amendment (defeated early last summer, AM. 7/9/49, p. 418). A subcommittee is considering Mr. Lucas' proposal for \$300 million in Federal grants and \$300 million in loans to the States to cover 50 per cent of the cost of constructing public-school buildings. On March 15 the committee voted down by 13-12 Mr. Kennedy's motion to table Federal aid for this session. It then passed, by a vote of 17-11, a motion to take up on April 17 Mr. Burke's bill providing \$160 million in Federal aid for public-school teachers' salaries only. Political pressure for Federal aid is strong, though pressure for economy is, too. One of the new bills may be approved—or even amended to resemble the Thomas bill, with committee approval.

Housing bill beaten

The Administration bill (S. 2246) to relieve the housing difficulties of the middle-income class came a cropper when the Senate voted on March 15 to strike out the key provision for long-term, low-interest loans to cooperative and other non-profit housing groups. With only eighty-one Senators voting, thirteen Democrats—10 from the South—join thirty Republicans to give the opposition a winning margin of five votes. As Father Parsons explained two weeks ago (AM. 3/11, pp. 665-668), the loan formula was the heart of the legislation. Under it would have been established a National Mortgage Corporation empowered to lend up to \$1 billion to housing cooperatives. Though the Corporation would have started business by selling \$100 million worth of stock to the U. S. Treasury, all its funds would have come eventually from private sources. Thus, the bill allowed only a minimum of Government intervention. Nevertheless, it was savagely attacked as "Socialistic," probably because most of the housing built under it would have followed the cooperative principle. How silly this objection is can be seen by anyone who takes the trouble to walk up and down Park and Fifth Avenues in New York City. Many of the apartments along those

CURRENT COMMENT

swank thoroughfares happen to be "co-ops." Whatever the reason—opponents also charged that the bill would discriminate against veterans who had built homes under existing legislation—S. 2246 is dead, at least for the life of the 81st Congress. Not even a favorable vote on the companion Spence bill in the House can resurrect it. The problem, however, of middle-income housing remains. And that will be something for the voters to keep in mind next November.

The Sander summary

Dr. Hermann N. Sander, the Candia, N. H., physician who was said "to be twenty years ahead of his time" and boasted at the time of his arrest that he had "gone through red lights before," was acquitted on March 8 of the premeditated murder on December 4 of Mrs. Abbie C. Borroto, his cancer-ridden patient. The jury of twelve good men and true, nine of them Catholics, had no difficulty in finding "reasonable doubt"—emphasized 22 times by the judge in his charge to the jury—that Mrs. Borroto was really alive when he injected air into her vein. Sixty-eight minutes of deliberation were enough to render the verdict that sent more than a hundred reporters racing from the red-brick Manchester courtroom to phone the news that made the headlines all over the world. The reporters, gathered in numbers rivaling the Nuremberg sessions, found that the trial left many questions unanswered. Asked on the witness stand why he had injected the air, Dr. Sander protested, "I don't know . . . I was obsessed . . . Something snapped." Why, on the night before Mrs. Borroto died, he had prescribed enormous doses of demerol and pantopon, increasing the order over the telephone when his patient was unconscious and thus in no need of an analgesic, Dr. Sander did not explain, nor, curiously enough, did the prosecutor seriously inquire. Why the defense counsel made no use of the three pamphlets on euthanasia, quietly introduced as exhibits, can be guessed. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, founder of the Euthanasia Society of America, was publicly annoyed at the tactics of the defense and complained of the "legal subterfuges" employed. Why the N. H. State Medical Society took no disciplinary action against Dr. Sander at its meeting on March 12 can perhaps be explained in terms of Mr. Dooley's surmise that the Supreme Court follows the election returns, i.e., public opinion. The jury decision was a conveniently adequate expression of public opinion. Why Mrs. E. Robertson Jones, execu-

tive vice-president of the Euthanasia Society, rushed to Manchester on March 10 was obvious. She has plans for a mass meeting to promote legislation for mercy murder. Why the clergy in the person of the Rev. John F. Fletcher of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge and supporter of communist-fronter Rev. John Howard Melish Jr., arrived to assist the activities of the euthanasiacs can only be explained by the divorce of "religion" from morals in some circles in this country.

Can "separate" be "equal"?

On April 3 the Supreme Court is scheduled to begin the oral pleadings on three most significant cases. One is the Henderson suit which involves the question of segregation of Negroes (see p. 719 of this issue). Joined with this suit are the McLauren and Sweatt cases concerning the constitutionality of segregation in the law schools of State universities. The Department of Justice has filed briefs urging reversal of lower court decisions in all of them. A specially organized group of 188 law-school deans and professors has filed a brief as *amicus curiae* ("friend of the court") demonstrating that the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment must in history and law be construed to forbid segregation on a racial basis. Congressman Sam Hobbs (D., Ala.), speaking as a member of the House Judiciary Committee, has filed a brief, joined in by six other Southern Congressmen, asserting that only Congress has the right to outlaw segregation. This intervention in judicial procedures by members of the legislative branch of government is most unusual. In a recent decision the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia sustained the policy of segregation in the District's public-school system, Justice Edgerton dissenting (see AM. 3/4, p. 629, "Washington Front"). It was Justice Edgerton's dissent in the racial covenant cases last year which the Supreme Court accepted as the basis of its reversal of the decision of the Court of Appeals. It would please defenders of civil rights if Justice Edgerton has once again anticipated the ruling of the nation's highest court.

Anomaly of unemployment

By every statistical yardstick the country is sailing along on a wave of prosperity. Farm income, though down a bit from peak postwar levels, is still way ahead of pre-war figures. Business earnings continue to be very satisfactory. The housing boom keeps on breaking all

records. So does the automobile industry. Employment is high and average weekly wages are a little ahead of last year. Most important of all, businessmen are bullish about the immediate future. "The business boom," reported *Business Week* on March 4, "is going practically full blast." In this otherwise beautiful picture there is, however, one very exasperating blemish: unemployment is steadily rising, has, indeed, been steadily rising since October, 1948. What happened last month typifies this disconcerting phenomenon. Although the number of job-holders rose, the number of jobless rose even more. It jumped 200,000, to a nine-year peak of 4,684,000. What accounts for this anomaly of growing unemployment in a period of prosperity? In the first place, there is the annual influx of new workers into the labor market. About 600,000 new workers, mostly young people out of school, start looking for jobs every year. To absorb them, the economy must be not merely prosperous; it must be *increasingly* prosperous year after year. In the second place, labor productivity has been rising by leaps and bounds. In 1949 we turned out about the same amount of goods and services as in 1948, but we did it with three per cent fewer workers. Unless the economy keeps expanding, displaced workers must continually join the ranks of the unemployed. The moral for business is obvious. It must either expand this year, as *Business Week* has warned, or sit back and watch the Government do some pump-priming. Beyond a certain point, which we are fast approaching, the country will not put up with unemployment.

Heading for industrial war?

Don't write off as a flamboyant gesture John L. Lewis' bid to the Steelworkers for a "mutual aid" pact. And don't be too sure that Philip Murray's rejection of the bid is his last word on efforts to unite millions of workers "for common defense." Other union leaders besides Mr. Lewis are convinced that powerful financial and industrial interests have put their heads together and decided on concerted action to weaken labor in the basic industries. The best strategy, these industrial leaders are persuaded, is to permit and even invite strikes, and then to drag them out as long as possible. By this means they hope to weaken the unions financially and turn the rank and file against the union leadership. If the union chiefs have any proof of a plot of this kind, they are keeping it under their hats. But in labor circles there are plenty of stories. It is said that Jones and Laughlin was ready to settle with the Steelworkers without a strike, that a dinner had actually been arranged at which the settlement was to have been announced, that the dinner was then suddenly called off after J & L in Pittsburgh received a telephone call from New York. Other voices charge that U. S. Steel, which set employer policy in the steel dispute, also dictated the coal industry's stand in its negotiations with Mr. Lewis and kept the strike going until the Government threatened seizure of the mines. There are stories that the Chrysler strike is part of the pattern, and that the du Pont empire (General Motors, U. S. Rubber) is now prepared to "get tough," too.

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Whether or not a plot of this kind exists, we do not know. It is impossible to check such a charge. Even if the charge is baseless, however, it does reveal a rotten state of affairs in key American industries. It shows that these labor leaders, rightly or wrongly, have no confidence at all in the intentions of big business. If its intentions are innocent, big business could make a fine contribution to industrial peace by removing the misunderstanding.

Msgr. Varga—a look at the record

To keep alive in the hearts of the victims of Soviet oppression the hope of ultimate liberation the American government has encouraged the formation of committees of democratic political exiles from the Iron Curtain countries. Such being the purposes of the Hungarian National Committee, what is to be thought of a recent effort to discredit the group in the person of its chairman, Msgr. Bela Varga, last Speaker of a free Hungarian Parliament? Suspicions deepen when the charges are made in a publication owned by the former press chief of the Communist Bela Kun revolution of 1919. He was the one who spread the calumny that Cardinal Mindszenty is an anti-Semite. Docile to Goebbels' doctrine of the "big lie," this Hungarian-language weekly trots out the standard smear that Msgr. Varga was anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi. The facts? As a leader—with Ferenc Nagy and Tibor Eckhardt—of the Small Holders Party, Bela Varga fought the Nazis in Hungary from 1936 on. In 1939 the German Panzer divisions forced a flood of 120,000 Polish refugees—20,000 of them Jews—across Hungary's borders seeking asylum. Most active in the program for the care of these refugees was Msgr. Bela Varga, who established a special home for Jewish orphans. His rectory at Balaton Boglar housed a secret radio, connecting the Polish underground with the Government-in-Exile in London. The first documents and microfilms of the Warsaw ghetto (dramatically described in John Hersey's new novel, *The Wall*) and of the Auschwitz horror camp were brought out of Poland in August, 1942 by Taddeus Dzsiedek, a paratrooper now living in Paris. Bela Varga guided Dzsiedek through Croatia and Italy to Switzerland in clerical dress and on a passport issued to his Jesuit brother, Andrew Varga. Funds for the Jewish community in Poland, sent to the chargé d'affaires in Budapest, Edmund Fietovics, were smuggled across the border by Msgr. Varga's underground. The Monsignor was later assigned by Cardinal Mindszenty to organize the hiding of Budapest's Jews in convents and monasteries as the Nazi terror reached its hideous climax. National security, as well as interest in genuinely democratic political forces, calls for keeping a sharp eye on the foreign-language press in the United States.

Call to cooperation—Protestant reaction

Protestantism's instinctive conviction that religious unity is a matter for collective bargaining was revealed in some over-prompt comments on the recent instruction of the Holy Office authorizing conversations with non-Catholics on subjects of common interest (AM. 3/11, p. 658). The Secretary General of the World Council of

Churches suggested that the very issuing of the document was a forced concession, "a clear indication that the ecumenical movement has begun to make its influence felt among the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church." Free Church leaders in England complained that the pronouncement "indicates no possible progress" in church reunion efforts. Three Australian Protestant leaders were cool. The Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales announced: "We are not interested in the Roman Catholic proposal because it means, in fact, an invitation to absorption into the Roman Catholic Church." Adding "our word of praise—in a somewhat muted tone," the undenominational Protestant weekly, *The Christian Century*, on March 15 editorially labeled the Vatican document: "For Collaboration and Proselyting." The Episcopalian *Living Church* of March 12 asked: "Is this a step toward Christian reunion or is it merely an attempt to gain allies for the Roman Church in its fight against communism [apparently a private feud that doesn't concern Episcopalians!] with the additional aim of making conversions to the only 'true Church'?" Much of the confusion in the Protestant response arose from merely reading press accounts of the document, which inevitably seek "political" interpretations, instead of the document itself. Anglican authorities wisely withheld comment until the official text could be studied. Dr. Mark Boegner, President of the Federation of French Protestant Churches, repudiated an American news agency report quoting him in opposition and announced he was waiting to see the French text of the decree. Catholics found the lack of interest in collaboration for social justice and peace, encouraged by the papally-approved pronouncement, rather disappointing.

Father Morlion's public debates

The splendid results of the debates with leading Communists conducted by Father Felix Morlion, O.P. in Italy are another proof of two ideas recently urged in AMERICA's columns (1/7, p. 412, and 3/18, p. 691). The first is that attacks upon the faith, when they are serious and command wide attention, should not be allowed to go unchallenged but that adversaries of the Catholic Church might well be personally confronted. The second is that such attacks, despite the harm they do and the confusion they create, offer an unparalleled opportunity to bring the teachings of Christianity home to minds that would otherwise remain totally closed to any presentation of the truth. This applies particularly, as AMERICA's Editor pointed out in his account of his debate with Paul Blanshard (referred to above), to discussions carried on under a thoroughly impartial chairmanship and before the more serious type of audience, not the mere crowd of professional forum-fans. Confirmation of these observations now comes to hand from Italy. Father Morlion, who is the president of the International University Pro Deo in Rome, has gone to city after city in Italy, meeting the Communists in open debate on the question: "The Decree of the Holy Office [on communism]—a political issue or a spiritual clarification?" CIP Correspondence for March 11 describes

his debate in Ferrara on February 26 with Professor A. Donini, Communist intellectual leader and a recognized authority on ecclesiastical history in Italy. According to CIP, such debates bring to Italy's people both the truth about Communist teachings, which make communism intrinsically anti-religious, and an understanding of the social teachings of the Church with its condemnation of the exploitation of men. Further, they prepare the way for the return of many to the Church, in the year of the Great Return.

Can John Strachey be trusted?

Lord Beaverbrook's pro-conservative *Evening Standard* came out in London on March 2 with a double-barreled blast at Prime Minister Attlee's new Secretary of State for War—the literary Laborite, John Strachey. The attack was prompted by the trial of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, who confessed to having betrayed atomic secrets to Russia. If Britain's army intelligence (M.I.5) needs overhauling to prevent the recurrence of such disastrous leaks, asked the *Evening Standard*, how can John Strachey be trusted to tighten it up? The question is more than a journalistic stunt. In *The Coming Struggle for Power* (1932), Mr. Strachey was capable of declaring:

The coming of communism can alone render our problems soluble. A working-class dictatorship can alone open the way to communism.

This was published a year after its author had resigned from the Labor Party to run for Parliament (unsuccessfully) as an independent. In 1938 he was still capable of saying: "Like all Socialists, I believe that the Socialist society evolves in time into the Communist society." In 1940, when his country was fighting alone and Russia was deriding her heroic self-defense as just an "imperialistic" war, John Strachey broke with communism. In 1945 he was appointed Minister for Food in the Attlee Cabinet. Oddly enough, neither the conservative London *Economist* (for March 4) nor the liberal *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (for March 2), in commenting on Mr. Attlee's Cabinet shifts, showed the least concern over Mr. Strachey's appointment as Secretary of State for War. Coming on the heels of the Fuchs case, however, it looks like a political blunder of the first magnitude. Mr. Attlee seems to have overlooked the fact that Fuchs betrayed, above all, our *American* atomic secrets, which we shared with Great Britain as a trusted ally. Britain is now our partner in the Atlantic Pact. Does Mr. Attlee think U.S. military officials are going to trust John Strachey? Not if we know how they feel about "wobblies" like him.

Leopold in or out?

Before the Belgian referendum on March 12, exiled King Leopold III announced that he would abdicate if he received less than fifty-five per cent of the vote. The Liberal Party, which holds the balance of power in the Belgian Parliament, said that it would not vote for the King's return unless he carried all three districts—Flanders (Flemish-speaking), Wallonia (French-speaking) and Brussels (mixed). Actually, the King exceeded his minimum target by two per cent, receiving 57.68 per

cent of the vote. He failed, however, to carry either Brussels, where he had 48 per cent of the vote, or Wallonia. If the King sticks to his pre-election stand, he will insist on returning. On the other hand, if the Liberals, about half of whom appear to have voted for him, stick to *their* stand, they will oppose his return in Parliament. Since Parliament is the only agency which can constitutionally reinstate the King, and since the Liberals can determine what the Parliament will do, the possibility of trouble may be said to be excellent. If the King insists on returning, there will be turmoil; if the Belgian Parliament, against the wishes of the majority, insists that he stay away, there will also be turmoil. Whatever happens, the *question royale*, as many observers foretold, has deepened all the old ethnic, religious and political cleavages in this small, bilingual country. It is a tragedy that the King, who seems to be a brave, honorable and much maligned man, should be engulfed in disruptions in the creation of which he had little or no responsibility.

World birth-control situation

For any intelligent approach to the question of birth control or planned parenthood some knowledge is needed of the legislative situation in different countries. Information is provided in convenient synoptic form by the instructive Catholic quarterly, *Rythmes du Monde* (6, rue d'Auvergne, Lyons, France) for March-April, 1950 as part of a supplement dealing with the structure of family organizations throughout the world. Countries are listed according to their legislation at the close of 1949. The following is a brief summary of the information. 1) Birth-control practices receive the *positive favor* of the government in Japan, Finland, Sweden and Iceland, all of which governments provide contraceptive teaching. In Iceland such teaching is obligatory. Denmark legalizes birth-control clinics. 2) There are *no legal restrictions* to propaganda in favor of contraception in Great Britain (where public opinion is favorable to it), Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Jamaica, Canada (except the Province of Quebec), and India. In India the unlimited fecundity is checked by high infant mortality. 3) Contraceptive teaching and information are *severely prohibited by law* in Spain, Ireland and Argentina. They are also prohibited in Holland (though birth-control clinics are tolerated), Italy, Venezuela, Chile, Brazil and Norway. In Norway, however, the law is a dead letter. Birth-control propaganda and contraceptives are legally forbidden in France, but customs favoring them prevail against the law. The matter is not touched by Federal laws in Switzerland, but the majority of the cantons prohibit contraceptives and teaching about their use. In this country, birth-control propaganda is generally prohibited, but it is tolerated in various States; birth-control clinics have multiplied, and opinion is widely favorable. In the Soviet Union abortions are severely regulated, practically forbidden; birth control is still legal, but is in disfavor. Satellite countries are coming into line with Soviet ideas and practice. The résumé draws particular attention to the wide gap that is frequently found between the law and public sentiment and practice.

WASHINGTON FRONT

My comments this week treat mostly of matters that come under the head of answers to unfinished business.

Within one week recently two things happened on the segregation issue (always acute in the nation's capital). Last year, I mentioned that Washington was without a legitimate theatre because the lessee of the only active one (the National, Marcus Heiman lessee from the Munsey Trust) turned it into a motion-picture house rather than yield his stand in favor of excluding Negroes. On March 6, a non-segregated theatre, The Gayety, formerly a burlesque house, opened with the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, and has since played to crowded houses before whites and Negroes without any incident.

The affair of Cardozo High School, an overcrowded building of which I wrote (AM. 3/4/50), was settled by the board of education's turning over to the Negroes the Central High, hitherto a "white" school, as of September next.

Some time before this, an announcement was read in every church in the Washington archdiocese to the effect that Catholic Negroes "are welcome" on the archdiocesan pilgrimage to Rome this year.

Another "future," which may or may not eventuate, and which falls in an entirely different field, concerns the fate of the Maritime Commission. I said (AM. 12/17/49) one of three things might happen to that agency, then under severe fire from the Comptroller General and the Congress: a change in personnel, abolition of the Commission or a tightening of the law. If President Truman has his way, apparently all three of these things may happen, or nearly all. The last of the 21 reorganization plans which he sent to Congress on March 13 turns the Commission over to the Department of Commerce, and splits it into two parts, one regulatory and one operative. The Commission would thus cease to be an independent agency, and the two new bodies would be in the "line of command" of the Secretary of Commerce. If that happens, presumably there would be a shake-up of personnel, and perhaps new laws governing the merchant marine. These reorganization plans go into effect within sixty days, unless one or the other House disapproves.

Another plan was, in the opinion of this observer, long overdue. Each of our regulatory commissions has, as part of its quasi-judicial administrative function, a General Counsel and staff under the Commissioners themselves. Only the Labor Relations Board, under the Taft-Hartley Act, has a General Counsel who is practically independent of the agency he represents—an anomalous status. Mr. Truman proposes to bring him back under the jurisdiction of the Board, as he should be. It may be remembered that last year even Mr. Taft put this change into the bill, amending his own Act, which passed the Senate but not the House. His attitude now will be watched with interest.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

The National Cancer Institute has made grants to four Catholic medical and dental schools. The Creighton University School of Medicine received \$25,000; Marquette University Dental School and Georgetown University Medical and Dental School, \$5,000 each; Loyola University School of Dentistry, \$4,800.

► In a March 8 bulletin sent to all his department heads, Governor Arthur B. Langlie of the State of Washington recommended the granting of leave to all State government employees who wish to make a Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome during 1950.

► Australia's High Commissioner to Canada, Rt. Hon. Francis M. Forde, Deputy Prime Minister of Australia from 1941 to 1946, was recently elected President of the Holy Name Society of St. Joseph's Parish, Ottawa, Canada.

► On March 7, the Sears-Rugg Bill was approved by the Ways and Means Committee of the Massachusetts State legislature and went to the House of Representatives for action. If enacted, it will circumvent a Protestant-sponsored initiative petition which aims at repeal of the 1936 Massachusetts law allowing free bus transportation to both public and parochial school pupils.

► John E. Thompson, Canadian-born former Berlin-bureau chief for *Newsweek*, has been appointed Managing Editor of Canada's new and thriving Catholic weekly, *Ensign*. Mr. Thompson was one of the founders of the Newman Club at the University of Manitoba.

► The Race Relations Conference of St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, has made a collection of the writings of Pope Pius XII which have to do with human relations. The collection has been printed by the New Orleans Province Institute of Social Order under the title, *Pius XII and Human Relations*. Copies are obtainable by writing to 6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans 18, La.

► The officers of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial Council announce the publication of a new pamphlet containing the complete text of the Fides Documentation Service, issued in connection with the Holy Father's Mission Intention for March, 1950. The Fides Service in Rome is the agency for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The pamphlet, entitled "The Work of the Catholic Church among the Negroes of the United States," gives an excellent account of the work of the Church in the Negro apostolate and describes the objectives and program of the Catholic interracial movement. Copies may be obtained from the office of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial Council, 191 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, or from the Catholic Interracial Center, 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

► Federal-aid sidelight: in Canada, Quebec's Provincial Government announced on March 5 that it would pay the debts of the Montreal Central Protestant School Board and the Montreal Catholic School Commission, amounting in each case to about \$2,500,000. D.F.

U. S. mission to the Holy See

The *Washington Religious Review* reported in its March 13 issue that speculation about the appointment of another "special presidential representative to the Vatican" was reaching a new high in the capital.

Oddly enough, most of those who continue to print 'inside' stories from Washington about the imminent appointment of this or that man to the post are Roman Catholics. Could it be that they are letting their wishful thinking get the better of their judgment? Or perhaps they are subtly trying to prod the President into action in a situation in which he does not want to act.

That is the lowest estimate of Catholic subtlety we have seen. The *Review* does not even give the alleged inside-story-tellers credit for good sense. Roman Catholics can read. C. L. Sulzberger's dispatch from Rome in the February 24 *New York Times* stated that "the Vatican would be more than pleased to have the United States Government accredit a permanent diplomatic envoy to the Holy See, but it is not desirous of seeing another personal representative of President Truman appointed." (Emphasis supplied.)

Does WRR expect anyone to believe that U. S. Catholics are trying to "prod the President" into an action the Vatican itself does not desire? Contrary to a widespread impression, AMERICA does not have a pipe-line into the Vatican. But the editors hazard the guess that Mr. Sulzberger's report might be correct.

Anyone who has read Myron Taylor's letter of resignation must realize that while the "personal representative" arrangement was better than no contact at all between the United States and the Holy See, it was far from ideal. It was one-sided. In ten years, Mr. Taylor made 13 trips to the Vatican, all on the initiative either of President Roosevelt or of President Truman. There was no telling whether or not Mr. Taylor would be in Rome when the Holy Father, for his part, might want to confer with him.

For the status of waiting until Mr. Taylor would be in Rome the Holy Father was subjected to sharp criticism. European Communists argued from Mr. Taylor's intermittent presence at the Vatican that the Pope was the tool of "American imperialists." The Holy See might, as Mr. Sulzberger has reported, well want the United States to maintain a permanent mission at the Vatican—if only to justify the sacrifice entailed.

But Mr. Sulzberger was probably less well-informed when he went on to say:

The rank of the chief of such a mission is considered [by the Holy See] unimportant and immaterial. The Vatican would not care whether he were an ambassador, a minister or a chargé d'affaires.

The Vatican might possibly be content with a minister as head of a United States legation, as it seems to be in the case of Great Britain. Mr. Sulzberger should know, however, that a chargé d'affaires supposes the existence of a full envoy whose place he is temporarily taking. He is accredited, moreover, not to the head, but to the foreign minister of a state.

EDITORIALS

The WRR claims that Secretary Acheson considers any United States representation at the Vatican "anomalous" as long as we have an ambassador to Italy in Rome. Does the *Review* expect us to believe that Mr. Acheson is so abysmally ignorant of the status of the Vatican as a sovereign state? It seems to imply, too, that the Secretary believes that "our Ambassador to Rome can secure any information from the Vatican that a 'special representative' to the Vatican can get." Mr. Acheson is not so naive. Is it likely that the Holy See will divulge any of its priceless reports from all over the world to a government that officially ignores it?

We do not know how the President will settle the problem. Ever since Thomas Jefferson remarked in his diary for March 12, 1792 that the President is "the organ of our nation with other nations," our Chief Executive has been charged with the sole responsibility of conducting routine foreign relations. This applies even to the grade of diplomatic representation. When President Washington asked Jefferson whether he thought that the Senate, in confirming diplomatic appointments, had a voice in determining such grade, his distinguished Secretary of State replied (April 24, 1790):

... nor can they [the Senate] be qualified to judge of the necessity which calls for a mission to any particular place, or of the particular grade, more or less marked, which special and secret circumstances may call for. All this is left to the President. They [the Senate] are only to see that no unfit person be employed.

Many special, but hardly secret, circumstances seem to call for a permanent U. S. legation to the Holy See today. Thirty-four countries, which now maintain such representation, seem to think so. Mr. Taylor, in his January 18 letter of resignation to President Truman, said that "the great objectives sought by you and your predecessor are as yet not fully achieved." These objectives are nothing less than winning the cold war and preserving world peace. With more and more of our legations being closed or curtailed in Soviet-dominated countries, President Truman may well judge that he cannot afford to sacrifice the Holy See's channels of information on the altar of what is obviously nothing more than American Protestant religious prejudice.

President Roosevelt himself wrote the Federal Council of Churches on March 14, 1940 that it was "difficult" for him "to believe that anyone could take seriously" the objection that representation at the Holy See involved union of Church and State. President Truman probably finds the same difficulty. He has a heavy duty to our people and to the world. That alone should concern him in his decision.

Can we get rid of Red teachers?

The problem of ridding our public schools of teachers tinged with communism has recently come to a head.

By a unanimous decision, the Appellate Division, Third Department, of the New York State Judiciary on March 8 found the controversial Feinberg law constitutional. This law was passed by the New York State Legislature on March 30, 1949. Governor Dewey, apparently in opposition to his own Department of Education, favored it. Both houses of the Legislature had voted for it overwhelmingly.

The Feinberg law directed the Board of Regents to purge the public-school system of teachers and other employees who are Communists or fellow-travelers. This element, which had (in the opinion of the Legislature) entrenched itself in the schools, immediately resumed its all-out attack on the legal provisions of the law. The critics claimed that it established "guilt by association" because it made membership in "subversive organizations" sufficient grounds for the removal of a teacher.

The Regents published their rules for giving effect to the law on July 15. Dr. William Jansen, New York City's Superintendent of Schools, published his circular with the same purpose on September 12. On that very day the Communist Party obtained a temporary restraining order from a court in Albany. Six weeks later Justice Harry E. Schirick of the New York State Supreme Court delighted the malcontents by declaring the Feinberg law unconstitutional. Now it is constitutional—at least until the Court of Appeals, convening on April 3, reviews it.

Meanwhile Dr. Jansen courageously decided to go ahead on his own. On January 9 the Teachers Union, Local 555, CIO, succeeded in getting a court order requiring him to "show cause" why he should not be held in contempt of court for enforcing an unconstitutional law, i.e., the Feinberg law. His counsel contended that Dr. Jansen was proceeding under Section 2523 of the State Education Law, which authorized him to question teachers about their political affiliations, without recourse to the Feinberg Law.

On March 6 Supreme Court Justice George J. Beldock of Brooklyn confounded the left-wingers by dismissing the contempt charge against Dr. Jansen. Three days later he discharged a teacher, Mrs. Sylvia M. Schneiderman, for "a false statement under oath" when she had concealed her membership in a subversive organization.

The University of California has been the battleground of a similarly resisted effort to get rid of Communist and fellow-traveling teachers. The fight began last June when the University revealed that its Board of Regents would require the following oath of 4,000 full-time faculty members and administrators on its eight campuses:

I do not believe in and am not a member of, nor do I support any party or organization that believes in, advocates or teaches the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or by any illegal unconstitutional methods.

It is a little hard to understand why any teacher in a State university should object to taking such an oath. Yet it was immediately assailed as a violation of "academic freedom." By December some 20 or 25 per cent of the faculty had still not signed the oath. On February 24 the Regents told the dissenters that they would have to sign by April 30 or resign. The latest news is of threats of a mass exodus of scholars.

We hope the Regents stand their ground, at least for this reason: many of the scholars would like to see a State monopoly of all American education, and we think it might do them good to feel the pinch of the State's coercive power, especially in such a good cause.

Religious liberty in India and Pakistan

In a sermon recently delivered in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration (New York's well-known "Little Church Around the Corner") an Anglican clergyman expressed his concern over the future of religious liberty in India and Pakistan. The Rev. Emani Sambayya, vice principal of Bishop's College in Calcutta and currently on sabbatical leave in the United States, told his congregation that Hindu and Moslem leaders were exerting pressure to halt what they considered "Christian expansionism." He appealed for world-wide support for the "significant and saving [Christian] minority in those Koranic and militantly Hindu states," lest the church there "be wiped out in the rising tide of nationalism."

The Rev. Mr. Sambayya confuses secularization of the state with genuine opposition to religious minorities. There is no such confusion in the minds of the leaders of Nationalist India. They have, in fact, resisted every attempt to make the country a "militantly Hindu State."

Mahatma Ghandi was assassinated by a Hindu fanatic because he supported Pandit Nehru's idea of a secular state in which toleration would be shown to every religious and cultural minority. This principle of tolerance has since been embodied in India's new constitution (see AM. 10/29/49, pp. 93-94 and 1/28/50, pp. 488-489). Denominational schools, for example, continue to be aided by the state with financial grants. Thus Hindu, Moslem and Christian institutions profit by a system instituted under the British regime and continued today.

Christian missionaries are still admitted into India. Their evangelical work continues without opposition except from private Hindu agencies naturally alarmed by the progress of Christianity. Though Pandit Nehru and Congress leaders have lost a good deal of support because of the opposition of these groups, they are determined to adhere to their program of strict religious neutrality. The Government is not responsible for the Hindu revival which naturally developed alongside the Nationalist movement.

It is true that Christians in India have one serious grievance. Financial assistance to the untouchables, sanctioned by both the Provincial and Central Governments,

is confined to the Hindus on the ground that converts to Christianity are no longer of the untouchable class. Conversion to Christianity, however, does not alleviate material poverty, and the converts have every right to benefit by the ameliorative measures passed by the government for the good of its people. Christian agitation against this discrimination has had some measure of success. The Madras Government has recently granted free housing sites to Christian untouchable converts as well as to the Hindus.

Discrimination against untouchable converts, however, is not the Rev. Mr. Sambayya's complaint. What worries him is the present position of the Anglican Church in India. Since the British withdrawal it has suffered more than any other Christian body. It had advantages under the British Crown which it cannot reasonably claim now. Anglican bishops and chaplains were once paid from public funds because their ministrations were considered essential to English officers and troops. The Anglican Church was identified with the British regime. It was a national church. Its influence has slumped, but not because of the supposed intolerance of a Government whose avowed purpose is to give equal status to all religious groups. It has slumped because the British no longer rule India.

Though Pakistan will be professedly a Moslem state based on the Koranic law, it is doubtful if even there the Government will seriously interfere with missionary activity. So far it has not interfered. It is very likely that Pakistan will follow India in its provisions concerning religious liberty.

If Christian missionaries experience difficulties in the former British colony, the remedies lie in their own hands: in the intensity of their zeal for souls and in their reliance on spiritual weapons rather than on the indirect influence of a ruling power which is no more. In proportion as they make use of these remedies the future will be bright for Christians in both India and Pakistan.

Chief Seretse and his wife

Just why is a hot parliamentary debate being staged in London over the marriage of Seretse Khama, native chief of the Bamangwato Tribe in Bechuanaland, to Miss Ruth Williams, a white London stenographer? The marriage occurred nearly two years ago, after fifteen months of courtship. No British—Bechuana is a British protectorate—or African law forbade it, and there was no objection from the standpoint of Christian morals.

Miss Williams was not engaging in a stunt. According to all accounts, she has accepted her task as First Lady of the Bamangwato with dignity and simplicity, and she is resolved to bear her first child among them. The 100,000 Bamangwato tribesmen appear to have accepted her without reservation as their queen. By withholding the report of the commission of inquiry that was sent to Bechuanaland last year, the British Government itself gave the impression that it possessed no evidence against the couple.

According to the London *Times* for March 9, the

British decision to withhold recognition of Seretse as chief of his tribe for five years was reached as the result of "the urgent pressure of an embarrassing political situation." The cause of the embarrassment is the inflexible determination of the South African Government not to suffer, anywhere on the continent of Africa, any exception to the doctrine of radical racial segregation (AM. 9/24/49, p. 657). Says the London *Economist* for March 12:

It was clearly the Government's opinion that Seretse Khama had to be sacrificed in order to ensure the security of his country, which was threatened by the ex-Regent Tshekedi—who has also been banished—and by the fears of the South Africans.

Stripped of all secondary and contributing elements—such as whether Seretse was, as he says, "tricked" into leaving his home by the Government—the question of his recognition emerges as the symbol of a conflict that cannot be adjusted or compromised. That conflict is boiling up into an inescapable and crucial issue for the entire world.

The peculiarly mischievous element in the South African situation is not merely the policy of compulsory segregation (*apartheid*) proclaimed by the present nationalist Government, and the many annoyances or "pin-pricks" the Nationalists are inflicting by their vexatious and inhuman regulations. There is, indeed, considerable doubt whether the Nationalists can command enough strength actually to pass and enforce the three major pieces of legislation they have proposed, depriving the natives of such scant political representation as they already possessed under the Smuts regime.

What is spreading a wave of fury and terror throughout the entire continent? It is the continued series of vague threats of force and violence that emanate from the fanatical preachers of the Calvinist Dutch Reformed Church. These threats are voiced at a time when the entire non-white world is seething with suspicion and resentment against the white man, when every such utterance is magnified beyond all imagining.

It seems plain enough that not only Britain's interest but that of the entire world requires the British to seize upon the Seretse incident as an opportunity to assert the full civil rights of the peoples under their control. Says the *Economist*:

Let the Government now publish the report of the commission of inquiry, withdraw their decision as best they can and let Seretse return. . . . The alternative is to face an ugly issue over civil liberty in which they would certainly have opinion throughout the whole colonial empire against them.

As AMERICA has already noted (6/18/49, p. 353), the Most Reverend Francis Hennemann, Catholic Bishop of Capetown, last year joined with leaders of five Protestant churches in a strong protest against the ban which the Dutch Reformed Church wished the South African Union to place upon interracial marriages. This is a period when neither religion nor government can afford to hesitate. The straight road is rough and steep, but the only alternative is the abyss of reactionary imperialism—which would be suicidal today.

The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico

Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, D.D.

ON MY RECENT VISIT to Rome, the Holy Father expressed lively concern regarding the spiritual and physical well-being of the Pueblo Indians in the Santa Fe Archdiocese, and I was pleased to inform him that the character of their devotion would inspire admiration in any part of the world.

I told him that almost 100 per cent of New Mexico's 14,000 Pueblo Indians are members of the Church, and that 18 out of the 19 Indian pueblos within the State are officially Catholic.

His Holiness was more than casually interested in the lives and customs of the Indians and seemed to be delightfully aware of the romance and adventure which are concurrent with their history. I told him that even now, each time I enter an Indian pueblo, I have a feeling that I am stepping back through a century of American progress. And, indeed, it is true.

CEREMONY AND TRADITION

Recently, in November, the Indians of Jemez pueblo had finished an addition to their village Church of San Diego, and asked me if I would bless the new structure. On the appointed day, I approached the pueblo an hour and a half before Mass time, because I knew that the Indian sense of ceremony would demand a circuitous and elaborate route to the sacristy of the church.

About a mile from the village, on the side of the road which winds through Jemez Canyon, the festivities began. A band of Indian braves, bedecked with insignia of their tribes and brandishing rifles in their hands, Indian style, charged towards my car and reared their horses within inches of the radiator. They fired their guns in the air repeatedly and intermittently, and the horses wheeled and side-stepped prettily as I drove slowly in the midst of them towards the village plaza.

The dogs caught the carnival spirit and set up a deafening yelping while they darted in and out furiously, escaping the horses' hooves by inches.

A full-blooded Indian, whose name is Maudel Yepa, stood in the center of the plaza with his wife and awaited my arrival. The governor of the pueblo carried his two canes of authority. One had been presented to the group by Abraham Lincoln, and the other by my illustrious predecessor, Archbishop Lamy, whose life was made public in Miss Cather's well-known historical novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

As soon as the car stopped, the women came forward and laid their shawls on the ground so that their Archbishop's shoes would not touch the 'dobe earth—a pathway of colored mantillas from the plaza to the front entrance of the church.

Although the Pueblo Indians are our oldest genuine "Americans," few of us know anything of them beyond the facade glimpsed by tourists. The Archbishop of Santa Fe, who has won their trust and respect because of his own respect for their traditions and culture, here presents AMERICA readers with an unusual picture of his flock at home and at work.

Mass in the pueblo is impressive because of the stoic dignity of the Indian during his devotions. While the pudgy, russet children squirm and fidget in the pews and in the aisle, the parents' eyes remain fixed on the altar and their expressions are as immobile as carved wood.

Father Leonard, an almost-seven-foot-tall Franciscan who lives at Jemez and gives missions in the pueblos in our part of the country, told me one time that the stoic expression of the Indian had originally made considerable headway in giving him a full-fledged inferiority complex. His sermons seemed to be evoking no apparent reaction, and Father Leonard, to satisfy his own curiosity, decided to make a little experiment.

He whipped together his choicest collection of anecdotes and mounted the pulpit. The Indians were on one side of the church and their Spanish neighbors on the other. Within a few minutes the Spaniards were "rolling in the aisles," and Father looked for a hopeful flicker from among the Indians. "Granite!" he said to me. "They were like so many pieces of statuary—statues that were not smiling." He concluded his sermon with a chastened spirit and, after services, stepped into his car to drive home.

Outside of the church he saw some of the young Indians talking very loud and roaring with laughter. They were repeating his stories and having a fine time. But they would not laugh in church. Church is a place—in the Indian mind—for reverence and dignity. So it was taught by the early missionaries to their forefathers, and so it will remain. Tradition is the slide rule of Indian culture and economy.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

Yet, even though they are impressed and influenced by practices and teachings of their forefathers, the old customs of the pueblos have an elasticity which makes them adaptable to modern activities. Their traditional war chief, for example, very often had charge of the public buildings, such as the kivas, the school and the church. He arranges ceremonial dances and directs community projects. The Major Domo is the overseer of the irrigation ditches and sees that the village water-supply flows freely. This is a highly important function, since the Indians make their living almost entirely by farming and cattle-raising.

The old Indian waterways have a high priority in the New Mexican terrain. Indeed, they form such an integral factor in economic life that a landowner must agree to leave them intact. Some of the waterways, truly ingenious in their formation, show the Indian's art with the gifts

of nature. Sometimes one of the Indians will split a stream into sections. Often the aqueducts which bridge small valleys or skirt a rise in the ground are wooden troughs or hollowed tree-trunks, and flow several levels at one time. Near Jemez Pueblo, the Indians have tapped a small waterfall with such nicety that they have constructed a completely dependable waterworks.

In many other ways is a mixture of the old and the new indicated. It is a common sight to see an Indian wearing the ancient head-band of his tribe while driving a modern tractor. More often than not, a youngster will be perched on his shoulders and another tucked safely between his knees while a cacophony of barking dogs accompanies the chugging of the engine.

When the men are at work in the fields, the women do the domestic chores. At a community mill they grind meal and bake huge round loaves in huge round ovens which stand in the open outside each house. Little girls do the laundry on flat stones by the riverside, and the young Indian boys—most of them dressed in cowboy suits—do little of anything but create a lot of noise and mischief.

HOME AND CIVIC LIFE

The houses are built of adobe brick, which is a local product in each pueblo. Generally, they are one story, but often there is a second floor with an outside ladder for a stairway. Construction is simple in the extreme. An open fireplace in the corner gives heat, and in the winter the family covers the door and windows with blankets.

Generally the family goes to bed at sundown but, for illumination, they use oil lamps. The houses as a rule do not have electricity, nor do they have running water. In Jemez Pueblo, two fountains supply the 900 residents with water for consumption and washing. There is, needless to say, a constant flow of activity around the wells where the women gather to fill their vessels and gossip about village affairs.

Perhaps there was some idea of form and plan in the villages when they were first begun, but there is little semblance of it now. The so-called village roads are routed through the most accessible lanes between the 'dobe houses. Traffic is consequently not exactly rapid through the village. Intersections are bottlenecked by children making mud-pies, dogs basking in the sun and the ever-present horses and burros that stand and munch endlessly upon every accessible edible. In Jemez Pueblo, a bald-headed eagle lives in a ten-foot cage that has been constructed of chicken-wire and regards each passerby with malign intent.

The main buildings of each pueblo are the church, the school, the public hall and the kivas. In one of these public edifices the communal life of the pueblo is always conducted.

It is at the kiva that the white man's knowledge of the Pueblo Indian ends, for the Indian has a private tribal life which he guards assiduously. It is not that he has any great objection to sharing his thoughts or plans with the white man. It is again a matter of tradition.

In his history of negotiating with white men, the Indian has always come out second-best. Consequently, since his culture and individuality are now his most cherished possessions, the Indian will share these with none but his clansmen. Hence, the kiva—the place of secret meeting. To the casual observer, the kiva is a square edifice with four walls unbroken by doors or windows. A single ladder scales the outer wall, and the white man's knowledge of the Indian's private culture ends at the top rung.

The governor's mouthpiece is the Town Crier. In some pueblos the Town Crier can be anyone with a loud voice. In others, the title is given by appointment, sometimes for life. The Town Crier announces items of village interest, such as when the taxes are due, the opening of school, the arrival of communal machinery or vital statistics.

Ordinarily the Indian speaks three languages: Spanish, English and his native pueblo tongue, which generally differs in each village. The Indian languages are almost entirely phonetic and many of them have no alphabet. Consequently, their laws and their constitutions are handed down to each generation by word of mouth.

Each pueblo has one governor who, with his council, is the executive head of the village and holds judicial and legislative powers. Duties of the governors vary in the different pueblos but, as a rule, they allocate the various communal duties and adjudicate all prohibited

conduct except the ten Federal crimes, which include such felonious acts as murder, robbery and arson. The Federal crimes are reported by the sheriff who, incidentally, is the only civil servant who receives a salary.



He is paid by the Government.

The Indian's life is fairly secluded. By nature polite but not effusive, he has no intention of making a public show of either his village or his house. A discreet sign at each pueblo bids the visitor welcome. However, it reads: "Please, no pictures!" Indians have had quite enough of the amateur photographer who snoops and peers and pokes his lens with frightening persistence. Several times a year, however, each pueblo will conduct one of the ceremonial dances of the tribe and invite everyone to attend. The more, the merrier.

Special functions rate an "open house" decree from the governor. An example is the dedication of the addition to the San Diego Church. Through their pastor, Father Patrick MacAuley, O.F.M., an invitation was extended to the Archbishop and the clergy of the archdiocese. As a special concession, the ban on cameras was lifted on this occasion to allow the accompanying picture taken at Jemez Pueblo.

The war, naturally, has made a decided change in the outlook of the young Indians. Many are taking advantage of the GI educational opportunities and are preparing themselves for professional lives. Today they are taking a more competitive view of business and are spreading

their activities beyond the confines of their pueblos. Though the older Indians still remain aloof and transact all business through their civil officers, not so the young men. Some of them have European brides and are conducting their own businesses in the cities. They are mixing their beloved old ways with the necessary ways of progress. The young Indian keeps a few horses because he loves them. But he also uses a tractor. He listens to the Town Crier because his father did before him, but

The Supreme Court confronts segregation

Robert F. Drinan, S.J.

IT HAD BEEN A MORNING of hurry and confusion for Elmer Henderson. He was glad to reach his Pullman seat at two in the afternoon just as his train left Washington for Birmingham. He relaxed for a minute, finished reading the paper, then started a final check on the papers he would need in the morning in Birmingham, where, as a field representative of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practices, War Manpower Commission, he would investigate alleged violations of a Presidential executive order. It was May 17, 1942 and Mr. Henderson enjoyed the fresh spring view of the Potomac as the train rolled south.

Shortly after five-thirty that afternoon Mr. Henderson strolled to the diner. He had had only a hurried lunch and he looked forward to a leisurely meal. But his hopes were in vain.

Mr. Henderson was a Negro.

Yes, the diner ordinarily reserved two tables for Negroes, the waiter assured him, but tonight white persons had come first and had occupied these tables. There was at least one place left at these tables, but of course Mr. Henderson could not sit with white people, even if the tables had been reserved for Negroes. The steward assured Henderson that he would be summoned as soon as one of the tables was vacant. No summons came and around seven o'clock Henderson returned to the diner, only to find that the tables for colored persons had been vacated by the whites but were now occupied again by more white clients. Henderson returned to the diner once again during the evening and found the same situation. Around nine o'clock the diner was detached from the train and Mr. Henderson went without dinner.

Out of this incident of discrimination on the Southern Railway has arisen a lawsuit which is not only a tremendous tribute to the patience and fortitude of the plaintiff, Elmer W. Henderson, but also one which may at last begin to give equal rights before the law to the one-tenth of the American population who happen to be colored. The case has passed through a weary trial and retrial in the lower courts; now it is up to the Supreme

then he flips on his radio to hear what Lowell Thomas has to say.

I am proud of the faith of the Indians in my Santa Fe pueblos. It has always struck me as significant that the oldest people of the continent should be followers of the oldest faith in the world. So far, we do not have many Indians studying for the priesthood but, in the fullness of time, God, Who loves all men with infinite love, will take care of that.

In a series of cases decided since 1883, the Supreme Court has emasculated the Civil Rights Act of 1875. On April 3, 1950, a constitutional case involving the civil rights of Negroes comes before the Court. What will be the verdict this time? Robert F. Drinan, S.J., who reviews the past decisions and the present case, is a member of the bar (D.C.).

Court to answer the real question involved: *is segregation in itself discrimination?*

Of course the case could go off, as have countless cases before this one, on the question of whether or not the plaintiff received "equal" facilities within the meaning of the "separate but equal" doctrine. This doctrine was devised to uphold the constitutionality of segregatory practices, so long as "equal" facilities were made available to persons segregated. The Court has given some indication, however, that this time it will go to the heart of the matter. The oral pleadings on the case before the Supreme Court, originally scheduled for October, were postponed by the Court until December and then again until April 3, the reason given being that the Court desired to wait until Justice Douglas could hear the oral arguments.

Mr. Henderson's long battle for equal rights for the people of his race began when he filed a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission on October 10, 1943. ICC admitted that there had been discrimination in the incident in question, but ruled that since Southern Railway's regulations, if properly enforced, met the requirements of the Interstate Commerce Act, no cease and desist order would issue. Mr. Henderson appealed this decision to a Maryland Federal Court, which reversed ICC and held that the regulations were discriminatory in that tables were only conditionally reserved for Negro passengers whereas all other seats were unconditionally reserved for white persons.

The railroad, by ICC direction, then adopted a plan by which one table would be exclusively reserved for Negro passengers, but a permanent partition about five feet high on both sides of the table would now replace the removable curtain formerly employed when Negroes were seated at the table. ICC, two members dissenting, upheld this new arrangement; so Mr. Henderson, who insisted that the amended regulations were even more unsatisfactory than the ones he had originally attacked, took the case again to the three-judge court in Baltimore. The court, 2 to 1, dismissed the complaint.

The majority felt that it was beyond the power of ICC or the court to outlaw segregation. In its opinion the court admitted that it presumed racial segregation was not *per se* unconstitutional. Circuit Judge Morris A. Soper dissented on the ground that the new arrangement was a denial of equal protection because it *occasionally* permitted discrimination against members of *both* races in the allotment of dining-car privileges.

The way was now clear for Henderson to take the direct appeal to the Supreme Court, a recourse which is allowed to those who attack the constitutionality of a Federal statute or regulation.

THE SUPREME COURT AND SEGREGATION

The wearisome series of cases in the Supreme Court on the question of segregation, the beginning of the end of which may now be in sight, started in 1883. The Court at that time invalidated the Civil Rights Act passed by Congress in 1875, a statute which forbade any discrimination against Negroes in theatres, hotels and railroads. The Justices took the narrow view that the Fourteenth Amendment, on which the Act was predicated, did not and could not protect anyone against invasion of an individual's rights by other individuals, but only by the States. The decision was distinguished only by the magnificent dissent of Kentucky's Justice Harlan. In measured prose he vigorously defended the Federal Government's right to implement the emancipation which it had conferred on the Negro race.

The classic case canonizing the "separate but equal" doctrine is, of course, *Plessy v. Ferguson*, decided in 1896 and not yet overruled. The Plessy decision validated State laws imposing segregation on the basis of race. Such laws, the Court held, do not imply the inferiority of the colored race and infringe only "social" rights, not the civil and political rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Once again Justice Harlan registered a single majestic dissent:

Our Constitution is color-blind and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. In respect of civil rights, all citizens are equal before the law. The humblest is the peer of the most powerful. The law regards man as man and takes no account of his surroundings or of his color. . . . The thin disguise of "equal" accommodations . . . will not mislead anyone nor atone for the wrong this day done.

Justice Harlan also wrote that "the judgment this day rendered will, in time, prove to be as pernicious as the decision made by this tribunal in the Dred Scott case." And so it has. The Plessy doctrine has given legal sanction for the perpetuation of the horrible ghettos wherein one-tenth of the American people are confined.

The Plessy doctrine is indefensible on either of the premises upon which the Court relied. The finding that segregation does not imply the inferiority of the Negro race has been conclusively exploded by sociological investigation. The other premise used by the Court in the Plessy decision—that the Fourteenth Amendment protects only political and civil rights and not social rights—is sheer fiction in the light of the legislative history of the Amendment.

The unfortunate Plessy doctrine became the cornerstone for further misreadings of the Fourteenth Amendment. In 1908 the Supreme Court sustained Kentucky's law preventing private colleges from being interracial. Many cases came to the Supreme Court alleging violation of the Interstate Commerce Act, which provides that no common carrier shall allow any "unreasonable prejudice or disadvantage in any respect whatsoever" to any person accommodated. The Court could have decided these cases by pointing out that the "separate" facilities were not in fact "equal" facilities. Instead of doing so, it allowed enforced separation of the races to stand. Even the Roosevelt Court did not overturn the "separate but equal" formula.

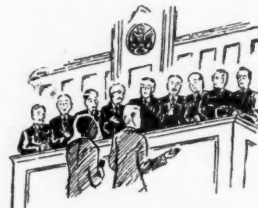
SEGREGATION IS UN-AMERICAN

The Court's path in the Henderson case should be clear. The evasion and side-stepping of the past, justified by a falsely conceived judicial restraint, should give place to a clear statement that racial segregation is not equality, and can never become equality, however "equal" the accommodations. The legalized separation of persons on the sole basis of color compels everyone to abide by the prejudices of the few. A white person who has no prejudices against Negroes or who affirmatively desires the company of a colored person is forbidden by the laws of seventeen States from having company of his own choice.

Segregation implies and is designed to imply the inferiority of the Negro race. It "brands the Negro with the mark of inferiority and asserts that he is not fit to associate with white people," said the Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights. Segregation is the real reason for race hatred. As Mr. Justice Harlan wrote in his Plessy dissent:

What can more certainly arouse race hatred, what more certainly create and perpetuate a feeling of distrust between these races, than State enactments which, in fact, proceed on the ground that colored citizens are so inferior and degraded that they cannot be allowed to sit in public coaches occupied by white citizens?

Jim-Crowism in railroad travel "is resented more bitterly among Negroes than most other forms of segregation," Gunnar Myrdal, author of *The American Dilemma*, assures us. Charles S. Johnson in his *Patterns of Negro Segregation* indicates the trend among Negroes to travel by automobile, which "is considered worth the extra cost" because of "the emotional satisfaction derived from escaping humiliating treatment." Says the powerful Justice Department brief in the Henderson case: even if the Negro when he travels receives "equal" treatment, yet he does so under the condition that "he submit to having his mind bombarded with the message that he and all members of his race are classified as inferior, as constituting a lower social caste."



It is a settled doctrine of constitutional law that the highest court of the land will not overturn State or Federal regulations predicated on police power so long as they are underpinned by some reasonable classification of things or persons. The Court has by implication asserted for half a century that the enforced separation existing between Negroes and whites in our country is a reasonable arrangement.

The time has come to re-examine that concept and to

One-year plan for a holier Holy Year

Louis J. Hanlon, S.J.

THIS IS THE AGE of dock-tailed or abbreviated bureaus, like FCC, NLRB, NSC, etc., as well as the century of five- and ten-year plans. Unfortunately some of these last-mentioned schemes of the age have been set in motion to entrench atheistic communism on this globe and to freeze God out of His own world. Luckily, at this most critical period of the world's history, the present Holy Year arrived on the scene just in the nick of time. This Holy Year, if given the loyal support it so well deserves, will prove the undoing of the greatest conspiracy of all time against God and man. For this purpose I should like to submit here a one-year, five-point, plan for assuring success to the greatest and most urgent project of the century, the Holy Year of 1950.

HOLY YEARS, TODAY AND YESTERDAY

To begin with, however, let us have a brief historical look at the Church's Holy Years. The practice of setting aside certain years for intense spiritual effort is as old and venerable as Dante and his *Divine Comedy*, going back to that long-long-ago of 1300 A.D. At first, Holy Years were held every century, then every fifty years; later, every thirty-three, and now every twenty-five. All were set in motion to sanctify the great mileposts of the ages, and to draw down God's pardon on sinful man as well as to lift up man's earthbound thoughts to God and to eternity. Holy Years, as the last six centuries have proved, are supernaturally tailored for humans and are humanly a necessity. The heart of man, naturally God-drawn, longs always, and especially at strategic points of time, to launch or join great spiritual movements which defy worldly gravity and sweep hearts and minds up to God, where they belong. The Holy Years are such irresistible movements.

When, therefore, we take part in a Holy Year we join a caravan of godly-minded folk whose vanguard is somewhere in the past centuries of the faith, and whose last contingent will be made up of the faithful in the final quarter-century of the world. Unless our reflexes are totally torpid, our feet rooted to the earth, and our hearts

discover that there is no basis for it in fact, history or law. Furthermore, the classification is not only unreasonable but immoral. It is the product of passion and prejudice and unworthy of Americans, to whom racism is odious. Perhaps 1950 will be the year when the Supreme Court will write "separate but equal" off the books and hold that the privileges of American citizens as such are not equal unless they are identical. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Of the 423 million Catholics in the world today, only about two per cent will be able to go to Rome to celebrate the Holy Year. How can the rest of us answer the call and forward the intention of the Holy Father in this time of crisis? Rev. Louis J. Hanlon, S.J., director of the Parish Mission Band in the Missouri Province, lays out a program all can follow.

just muscle, we cannot stand immobile as this glorious Year of Jubilee swings by.

We don't want to be prophets of dire things to come, nor do we wish to adopt the mortician's attitude; but likely enough you who read this will not have another opportunity to keep a Holy Year. We had better not count on surviving another quarter-century of heart tension, cell depletion and nuclear fission, hoping to celebrate the twilight Holy Year of 1975. "*Carpe diem*" ("take hold of the present"), wise old Caesar would have said in his day to little Carbo—and that's very good advice for us today.

It is an open secret that even the non-Catholic world sincerely and justly expects great things of our Holy Year, realizing, as it does, the critical conditions of the times. I have noted many, many indications of their secret longing that the Holy Year may change the world and bring it sanity, stability, peace and godliness. No clearer indication of this great expectation has appeared to date than that evidenced in a series of syndicated articles, "Vatican vs. Kremlin," by John P. McKnight, a North Carolina Presbyterian. Mr. McKnight literally begs the Church to save the world this Holy Year. And, on Christmas Day, the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* in an editorial spoke expectantly as follows:

Pius at Rome speaks as head of the Catholic Church, but he also speaks as one of the greatest moral and religious leaders of civilization. The significance of the Holy Year is far more than a celebration of the Catholic Church. It is a summons for the return of humanity to the ways of God, a global impetus toward recognition of a dependence upon Divine Providence, without whom a militant materialism has grown like a cancer upon the heart of Christendom. . . . During the Holy Year the world will be called upon to rethink the issue of human purpose, human destiny. It is an opportunity to dedicate sincere peoples to renewed acceptance in God, not in words but in act and trust. . . .

The non-Catholic world must not be let down in its great expectations. Our duty is clear: to love, live and sanctify the Holy Year. Do this and we will steady the world,

bring it God's peace and pardon, and at the same time reward the trust which our friends have placed in us.

If we need further stimulus to be up and doing, let us realize that as normal humans we cannot be passive and indifferent to a great cause promoted by a great leader. We have a great cause in our Holy Year, as explained above, and we have *the* leader to head that cause—Eugenio Pacelli, the Supreme Pontiff Pius XII, Christ's Vicar on earth.

In my humble thinking Pius XII is the greatest of the great papal immortals. I am sure that none before him ever ruled over 423 million of the faithful, with all that that entails. I am convinced that no previous Pontiff ever had thrust upon him problems so gigantic and momentous as our beloved Pope has had to bear. I know that not one ever had to face Satan and all his foot-loose demons as our staunch Pius is fearlessly facing all the powers of hell in world-wide communism. He is, in addition to all this, human, approachable, lovable. This is the man who today begs you and me to put fervor, devotion and sanctity into the Holy Year.

In 1950, the year of great danger, our Pontiff calls on us to do something great for God, for the Church and for souls—something that will make this year memorable. With that thought, I return to the one-year plan for a holier Holy Year.

HOLY YEAR AT HOME

About 415 million Catholics will be unable to go to the Eternal City this year to see there Christ's Vicar, to visit the holy places and to capture the spirit of the Holy Year. Yet these same millions, realizing the lateness of the hour and the seriousness of the times, sincerely wish to do their part toward making this a holy year. They *can* do something tremendously helpful and eternally satisfying if they will fix upon a simple, down-to-earth spiritual program for 1950, a program geared to their health, spiritual capacity and duties in life. The program I wish to suggest is, I am sure, within the reach of every son and daughter of the faith, from the thousands of shut-ins throughout the nation to the man with the pick in the West Virginia coal mines or the stewardess on the trans-Atlantic plane. Here it is:

1. Greater personal sanctification.
2. Charity to *all* everywhere.
3. Numerous little acts of self-denial for the Holy Year.
4. Steady enthusiasm—the infectious kind—for the Holy Year.
5. Daily prayer asking for God's blessing on the Holy Year.

Let me say a few words about these five points of our one-year plan. First of all, greater personal sanctification is of prime importance and, not being nearly so formidable as it sounds, it should cause no one to reach for his hat. It's merely a matter of a little more frequent use of, a little better attention to, confession, Holy Communion and Holy Mass. It involves putting a bit more spiritual energy into our prayers, and trying with a little greater effort to love God more and ourselves less. That, in a nutshell, is a workable blueprint for stepped-up personal

holiness. It is within the reach of everyone *right now*, this year.

And charity to all everywhere. O lovely Christ-like charity, which is the very essence of our holy religion! Charity is not just being nice to those who are nice to us, or who appeal to us. No, true charity is stone-blind. It cannot, nor does it try to, distinguish between the boor and the winsome fellow, the bum and the débutante, the Communist and the model citizen, Caucasian and Negro, friend and foe. In all it sees only the children of God. On every man it notes only the stain of the redeeming Blood of Christ. To it every human is a soul, an immortal soul, that must be forever with God, forever secure from the terrifying tyranny of Satan. This is charity. In thought, judgment, word and deed I can this year, and hereafter, rise above party lines, above personal likes and prejudices, above sinful conventions and human respect, and see in all men my brothers under God and my companions of the eternal bliss to come. This is charity.



Some self-restraint is next on the program. In the history of sanctity attained and great graces won from God, Sister Self-Restraint, like Kilroy, was always there. It is a *must* item. It is the way Christ Our Lord went about accomplishing things. A little here, a little there throughout the Holy Year, prudent-

ly, humbly, consistently, supernaturally, will flood the world with God's graces and win His pardon for thousands of less fortunate souls.

Next, be an enthusiastic salesman of the Holy Year. You have the world's best product, which everyone needs. There are dozens of ways to sell it: urge opportunely, prudently, the observance of the Holy Year; by your own life show others its effect on yourself; discourage sinning; encourage virtue; ask prayers everywhere for the Holy Year; praise pilgrimages (not made for fun but for fervor) to holy places; explain to non-Catholics the grand objectives of the Holy Year; sell to every person within your reach our one-year, five-point, plan for a holier Holy Year.

Finally, remember that you can change the world this year by prayer. From the time you leave the pillow until you return to it let all your thoughts, words, prayers and actions be offered to God for His pardon and peace upon the world this Holy Year. We must make up for the past half-century and prepare for the half to come. Prayer will do all that. Therefore let us pray, and pray, and pray.

That is all that need be said about our plan for sanctifying the Holy Year. What I have said is simply by way of suggestion. If you don't like the plan proposed, work out one of your own—something simple, suitable and soul-stimulating. Nothing short of a call to judgment should inactivate us this Holy Year. Let us make it, if possible, the holiest year since 1300 A.D.

The one-way tide

A. E. Johnson

I HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY that a teacher at one of our large universities recently, having pointed up the goodness of Milton's line, "They also serve who only stand and wait," received the reply from one student, "Wait for what?" Somewhat surprised, the professor referred the question back to the student, suggesting that he answer it for himself. The result is not on record, but it is reasonable to assume that the young man regarded his question as rhetorical.

What was there to wait for? One could go out after something, but certainly nothing came towards one; and it is significant that while we have the word "go-getter," we have no word to express the attitude of standing and receiving. To speak of a "sit-haver" would be considered immoral.

Our tide is but one way, and that way is ebb. King Canute sat and ordered the flowing tide not to approach him; we, implicitly at least, deny the very existence of a flowing tide. "Wait for what?" We tend, that is to say, to become merely centrifugal, tangential, explosive; and it is little wonder that Yeats complained that "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold." Our times have been characterized as those of disenchantment: but are they not equally those of disintegration?

It is true that another poet, A. E. Housman, has hazarded the surmise that poetry may be a secretion; but it is equally true that no really great poetry has been written in the last quarter-century—possibly because of this same centrifugality, this loss of the faculty to secrete. One critic has offered the blanket criticism of much modern verse that it is unallegorized; and it is scarcely fortuitous that the most notable poem of our times is called *The Waste Land*, and that it could, with equal propriety, have been named *The Ash Heap*.

Take the realm of psychology. Here the very idea of secretion is anathema, the keyword being "expose." Things must be brought out. The unconscious is a sort of cesspool draining upwards (paradoxically) into the conscious, and thus evaporating. The fact that this process may be both fallacious and deleterious does not affect its purported centrifugal nature. The doctrine that the conscious should control the unconscious, that it should flow to the soul, to God, is considered heretical. The tide must ebb, only ebb. Indeed those two royal concepts, the soul and God, are now demodé for scientific purposes—the first and last purposes to be served, in this day of "reason" and the worship of science, as the conductors to absolute truth.

And it is here, in the realm of physics, that centrifugality finds its most powerful exemplification; and here that our times discover their most frequent label: the atomic age. We do not, even yet, know the full import

The bomb that fell on Hiroshima dissipated much energy and many lives. Since that time humanity has been waiting—more intensely than ever before. But waiting for what? A. E. Johnson, Canadian war veteran, poet and teacher, now living in Syracuse, N. Y., indulges in some inverse physics to supply an answer.

of the great scatterbang over Hiroshima; but I suggest that the "findings" might include some belated discovery that the terrible explosion was the result of the human mind's chronic centrifugality; that in this loud act was gathered up, as in a concentrated, vicious symbol, man's long prodigality, his material dissipation.

To object to this that science does not permit of such picturesque speculation is to be ignorant of the fact that science remains a human mode of apprehension of reality. Emphatically it could have taken a different direction from that of physics. Music, for instance. Be this as it may, the explosive nature of the bomb is of course beyond question, and that is the immediate point, this question of disintegration and what at times seems to be almost insane katabolism.

THE CENTRIPETAL IDEA

But let the reader pause a moment to make this imaginative hypothetical act: what if the course of physics had somehow gone in reverse, and had eventuated, not in a bomb, but in some sort of tremendous magnet? Some phenomenon marvelously attractive rather than disruptive, whose motion was inward rather than outward, assimilating rather than repelling?

If this idea appears to be, as it is, that of a groping amateur, let no one suppose that such a magnetic concept is not quite definitely operative in the metaphysical world. More than that, it is gathering both in magnetism and magnitude. I refer of course to the centripetal idea of one world, and of world government. There was the League of Nations; there is now the United Nations; and if this latter dies, a new manifestation of the deathless idea will undoubtedly arise.

And could it be that in the long run (and how long the run is!) all this centrifugality in the material realm actually serves and conserves the very end that I have captured under the title of "the magnet"? I do not know (does anyone?) the precise relation of katabolism and metabolism, nor am I learned in prophecy and the history of its fulfillment: but that there is some connection between the Diaspora of both Jew and Gentile and their eventual ingathering may be considered at least a metaphysical hypothesis.

The humblest scholar may note how the word "gather" sprinkles sacred writings like stars in a northern firmament. And if any man today put, as it were, his ear to the ground of the wilderness of humanity, he may hear (yes, even in the trudge of armies) the increasing sound of the tramp of many feet making for Home.

Our university teacher, above, might have done worse than reply to his student's "Wait for what?"—"I don't know. But this is certain. We are awaited."

T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party"

Thomas G. V. O'Connell

MR. ELIOT'S PLAY has succeeded in New York beyond predictions or expectations that author, cast or critics could have cherished. A success among the followers of Mr. Eliot the classicist or royalist or Anglican was easily foreseen. Moreover, both the literati and the iconoclasts were automatically subscribed. But the play is successful beyond these limits or fringes. The New York *Daily News* had a review of it that was almost enchanting, and the New York *Times Magazine* printed a good swatch of its poetry. Now that the play has been published in book form, the interest of the Middle and Far West can soon be appraised. *The Cocktail Party* would seem to be more than caviar to the general.

Its popularity is to be highly commended, for the story of the play is slight, and there is no action in it. Lavinia Chamberlayne decides to leave her husband, and, doing so, neglects to cancel a cocktail party previously arranged. However, some of the guests—whom her husband Edward can't reach to inform of the cancellation—arrive. They include the apparently flighty old gossip Julia, and the apparently Berty-Woosterish Alec. These two have conspired to bring with them a psychiatrist, a stranger to both the Chamberlaynes, and in character comparable to Mr. Jordan, Father Brown, Kris Kringle, Socrates and the like. There is a young man of bright promise, Peter, who later is revealed to have been Lavinia's lover. There is also the terribly earnest and spirited young girl, Celia, who on the departure of the others returns and is then known to be Edward's mistress.

Edward Chamberlayne is a restless, harassed, middle-aged man, and his wife Lavinia is a middle-aged woman in a panic of failure. The main setting of the play is their living-room in a London flat, an undistinguished hodge-podge of furnishings; and a single later scene is in the psychiatrist's office, where a sanctuary effect is achieved by a broad desk accented with a high leather chair backed by a tall dramatic window.

Both settings and characters are without distracting distinction, and their very ordinariness accents the script and the problems with which the play is concerned. The "dull, implacable, indomitable spirit of mediocrity" is the Erinyes of the *dramatis personae*. Each of the actors seems at times as recurrent and as depersonalized as figures from *Everyman* or *Pilgrim's Progress*. Identification—or at least sympathetic involvement—of spectator and actor is thus quite easily achieved.

The problem of the play is ancient and perennial: the discontent of the human spirit with a frame of life too narrow, continually dissolving under pressure of selfishness, never completely satisfying. The psychiatrist (played by Alec Guinness) tells Lavinia that her fear is that she

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is unlovable, that no one can love her. Edward's fear is that he is incapable of giving love to anyone. To Celia, stricken with a sense of sin and a wish to make reparation for her experience of human love as selfish and destructive, the psychiatrist shows two choices in living. In one, a dedicated life, she will be lonely always; in the other, marriage, she can at times be distracted from that isolation. Celia decides and goes on, in a life of dedication, to a literal crucifixion, which is reported to the audience in the last scene, another cocktail party two years later. At the curtain, however, Edward seems to be left with a harassed tension, and Lavinia goes to the door to admit the guests with a cry of gladness that the burden (cross?) of her social life is beginning. This critic found intriguing the subtle juxtaposition of Celia's fulfillment in martyrdom and Lavinia's extended arms as she moved to the door in welcome of guests whom she and Edward had just shrunk from as disruptive of their hard-won and companionable peace.

Mr. Eliot realizes the problem with clarity and sensitivity in a very modern setting, and the value of his play lies primarily in the restatement that he gives it. The problem itself has always been known and at times is painfully encountered by everyone. Even the eminent pre-Christian pagans have written with awareness of the disparity between the capacity of human nature and the inadequacy of its earthly satisfactions. The modern world, however, is losing the clear perception of it, or, at least, it is fading as a *general* possession received in the Christian heritage. Mr. Eliot recalls and re-emphasizes its presence at the heart of modern discontent. His play is popular because its problem is intimately real, and fully modern in its realization. Whoever goes to *The Cocktail Party* will have his awareness sharpened, his sense of futility given true focus.

The restatement, however, cannot be taken as a new solution or as an adequate solution to a problem most acutely vexing this generation. Mr. Eliot in his play counsels a hope born of despair, and seems to echo Pascal's wager. One must make the best of a bad situation, like everyone else, for there is everything to gain and nothing to lose. Again, the psychiatrist's valediction to his patients as they leave his office with clearer vision is "Work out your salvation with diligence." This Socratic complacent satisfaction with knowledge alone has been tried too often and has too often failed for acceptance by this highly self-conscious and self-distrustful age. The

Pelagian assurance with which the modern is armed is a delusion that will not long last against the buffets which modern life deals and which the satanic adversary provokes in legion. To the psychiatrist himself the phrase has no more implementation than the word *Abracadabra* or that blessed word Mesopotamia. The praepotent truth that Christ Our Lord died to give us—of the personal Society of Triune God with the Communion of Saints—is not so much as even suggested. And it is the only valid solution ever possessed by man.

The play's final curtain descends on human souls whose desires still succeed each other with the infinity of images in facing mirrors.

As a recall to whatever light unaided reason can offer modern man in his perplexity and weakness, Mr. Eliot's play succeeds admirably through his poetic skill. But if it is his statement of the *via media*, with a repudiation or at least a suppression of God's part in man's salvation, Mr. Eliot's play needs a sequel. Perhaps the dramatically poor account of Celia's death by crucifixion is Mr. Eliot's modest disavowal of competence to give dramatic illustration to such motives as *do* contribute to the achievement of salvation.

The burden of his play, however, is salvation within the tensions of modern city existence, not out in an African jungle. He doesn't strengthen the solution with the strange vision that the psychiatrist claims, *post-factum*, to have had on his first encounter with Celia. Nor does the account of Celia's martyrdom quite "come off." If the author were anyone but Mr. Eliot, both the vision and the crucifixion would be scouted as "flashy." The further note on the African primitives and the growth among them of a "cult" of Celia at her grave is another brave but inept effort to tie down two extravagant flights within a merely human frame of reference. Human life is still, at the conclusion of the play, inexplicable in its own terms, and unsatisfying within its own limits.

For all the "talkiness" of the play and the lack of action, the drama is dynamically sustained by poetry and the poet's sincerity. There are what might be regarded as two climaxes. The quarrel scene between Lavinia and Edward is painfully acrimonious. As a nearby spectator whispered in awe, "it leaves *no* illusions." The second climax is Celia's interview with the psychiatrist. This is a triumph for the poet and for Miss Irene Worth who played the part. Celia exposed a psychology of sin that was by far the most authentically mystical moment of the play. The poet's resources were never shown more vibrantly or more acutely sensitive in word, line, rhythm, poetic immediacy.

One of the strangest bits of business in the play is a toast that Alec, Julia and the psychiatrist drink after the departure of the last patient. It is partly a prayer, partly an incantation, partly a ritualistic complement to a libation after sacrifice. To this critic it vibrated like a chord plucked far back in ancient Greece, and reaching down still clear and haunting to a Broadway theatre and a weirdly complex culture. Was Celia a sacrifice of atonement for the sins and redemption of the Party's group?

There had been a crime, there had been its painful exploration and full discovery; the will of the gods had been made apparent concerning it; sacrifice had been made; reconciliation and libation had given the quiet Greek ending. The subsequent scene of the cocktail party two years later is, in its way, an anticlimax.

Another strange impression was the resemblance this reviewer sensed with Milton's *Comus*: the Greek structure with some ritual imbedded, a Socratic complacency with knowledge alone, an effort to cure what the poet has decided is the chief ill of the period, a fine pleasure of the ear from the poetry, and finally an appendage which puzzled more than satisfied. A reconciliation in the sincerest form of flattery, between Mr. Eliot and Milton, at a *Cocktail Party*—Milton choosing, no doubt, sherry rather than gin—is a provocative thought indeed.

Hors-d'oeuvres for the "Party"

Father O'Connell won't mind, I'm sure, a friendly "rider" to his keen analysis of *The Cocktail Party*. Eliot's own stature, the importance of what I believe he is trying to say, and implicit comment on the spiritual perceptiveness (or lack thereof) of our times shown in the reactions of critics and audiences, make it worth while to give Eliot's play a thorough examination. This addendum may somewhat deepen the examination.

First, though several critics, as Fr. O'Connell points out, did wax enthusiastic, many did not. And, of those who did, not a few threw their hats in the air for the wrong or inadequate reasons. William Hawkins in the *World-Telegram* (Dec. 28), for example, was grumpy enough to say: "Nobody who has called the production great has explicitly said how or why." And Margaret Marshall, in the *Nation* (issue of Dec. 28), cheers the play for scoring "its greatest success as sophisticated comedy." In general, I would say that most of the critics were more than slightly baffled about what Mr. Eliot has to say.

And what does he have to say? I believe it goes considerably deeper than "a recall to whatever light unaided reason can offer modern man in his perplexity and weakness." I believe that Mr. Eliot is hinting at the fact that God's grace is distributed on various levels, that holiness (which Mr. Eliot, perhaps in too-delicate refusal to shock the sophisticated ear, calls a "good life") can be won by all sorts of people in all conditions of life. So the psychiatrist guides Edward and Julia back into the course of their rather humdrum, unextraordinary married life. It is *there*, and not in seeking for either loving or giving elsewhere, that they will find their goal. So Peter, tempted to give up his job of movie-making when he hears of Celia's martyrdom, is urged to go right back to his job and stick to it. The call to high sacrifice was not for them, but the call to small and routine sacrifice was, and both sacrifices look to the same goal.

At any rate, it is a tribute to the richness of Mr. Eliot's play that it can suggest and deserve prolonged examination. Our American stage is in the debt of a once-upon-a-time native son.

H.C.G.

America's March Book-Log

10

best-selling books

These books are reported by the stores below as having the best sales during the current month. The popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which the book is mentioned and by its relative position in the report.

- 1 THREE MINUTES A DAY
DOUBLEDAY. \$2 By James M. Keller
- 2 SHEPHERDS IN THE MIST
DECLAN X. McMULLEN. \$2 By E. Boyd Barrett
- 3 PEACE OF SOUL
WHITTLESEY HOUSE. \$3 By Fulton Sheen
- 4 REPROACHFULLY YOURS
SHEED & WARD. \$2.75 By Lucile Hasley
- 5 WATERS OF SILOE
HARCOURT, BRACE. \$3.50 By Thomas Merton
- 6 SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN
HARCOURT, BRACE. \$3.50 By Thomas Merton
- 7 STORY OF THE TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS
LIPPINCOTT. \$3.50 By Maria Trapp
- 8 ROAD TO DAMASCUS
DOUBLEDAY. \$3 Edited by John A. O'Brien
- 9 FATHER FLANAGAN OF BOYS TOWN
DOUBLEDAY. \$3 By Fulton and Will Oursler
- 10 I LEAP OVER THE WALL
RINEHART. \$3.50 By Monica Baldwin

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Noble document marred

THE VOYAGE TO LOURDES

By Alexis Carrel. Translated by Virginia Peterson. Harper. 52p. \$1

Spelled backwards, Lerrac is Carrel. And Lerrac is the central figure of this small book that tells of an actual experience that deeply changed the life of Dr. Carrel. The work is printed from a manuscript written by Carrel at some unstated time after returning from a pilgrimage to Lourdes in 1903. It sets forth the emotions of a youthful, skeptical Dr. Lerrac who, in the narration, also travels to Lourdes and witnesses a miraculous cure.

This book has a strong autobiographical tinge. Indeed, a note within it identifies the Marie Ferrand, whose cure is described, with Marie Bailly, whose real healing at Lourdes was written up by Carrel in 1909. Should this identification of the two Maries be correct, someone has made an error in dating an event. Two available English translations of Dr. Boissarie's writings on Lourdes list the cure of Marie Bailly as taking place in May, 1902. This present volume's publisher, in a postscript, places the time of Carrel's trip to Lourdes as July, 1903.

Lerrac, a proud rationalistic scientist of turn-of-the-century France, takes the place of a regular attending doctor on a trip to Lourdes. One patient in particular draws Lerrac's attention and examination on the pilgrimage. This is Marie Ferrand, a young girl dying of tubercular peritonitis. Lerrac examines the girl several times and, despite his later confusion, rests completely sure in his diagnosis of the hopelessness of the girl's disease.

At Lourdes he confirms his diagnosis through further leisurely examinations. Yet there, to his intense astonishment, the swelling leaves the girl's body in a matter of minutes. She is cured, literally before Lerrac's searching eyes.

Time and time again Lerrac admits he can find no natural explanation for Marie Ferrand's cure. Yet, a positivist in his philosophy, Lerrac will not at first trust the power of his own mind to lead him to admitting the existence of God. All he can know are observable facts.

Lerrac wants again to believe in the religion of his childhood, wants it desperately. But, imprisoned within the false, man-made limits of his philosophy, he can know only the fact of this naturally inexplicable cure. He can never allow himself to reason to its Cause. In later life—a passage in the conclusion of his famous *Man, the Unknown* shows it—Dr. Carrel came to realize that "science" placed inadequate, confining limits on the true nature of man. In 1903, though, it was

not his own mind that he saw as "sealed" to truth, but the minds of the priests who were making the pilgrimage with him.

The conclusion of Dr. Carrel's manuscript finds Lourdes winning out over Lerrac's intellectual pride at last. The young doctor goes down on his knees in desperate prayer for the return of his lost faith. In the peace that comes in the course of his prayer he ultimately finds rest.

Were this book more clearly presented as autobiography, and had it been ended at this point, it would in itself be the testimony of a great scientist to the existence of the miraculous. (Carrel's 1909 report on Marie Bailly's cure is such a testimony). It would have shown, moreover, the rightful power of the miraculous to lead men's minds to God. Most unfortunately, the editors have seen fit to add to this edition a four-page postscript of Carrel's own writing. Apparently written a short time after his visit to Lourdes, this addition shows Carrel again distrusting, delaying the process of man's reason in its true flight to God.

Carrel's last sentence in this postscript advises Catholics "not to look upon research as a sacrilegious work—or as an attack upon their religion." These words would not have been written by the man Carrel came to be—a fervent Catholic who believed in a religion that of its very nature has to embrace all things that are true. Carrel died in 1944, fortified by the sacraments of the Church (Cf. Am. 11/18/44, p. 129). This bit of advice arose, perhaps, in those earlier days from the fact that some Catholics got impatient—as some of us still tend to do—with proud "scientific" minds that stubbornly try to close themselves off from the fact of God's existence.

FRANCIS J. TIERNEY, S.J.

Fruit of the missions

KING-DOCTOR OF ULITHI

By M. P. Wees and F. B. Thornton. Macmillan. 128p. \$2.50

Dr. Paul Marshall Wees, of Michigan and the U. S. Navy, was on the South Pacific island of Anguar when he was ordered to the island of Fasserai, in the Ulithi group of coral islets, represented by cartographers as a question-mark-shaped string of dots in the hundreds of dots collectively known as the Carolines. He and Chief Pharmacist's Mate Francis Wilson spent six months on special assignment with the unspoiled and attractive people of Ulithi, and their story is one of the most heartwarming and genial to come from the annals of World War II.

Dr. Wees' main objective was to treat the islanders for yaws, a syphilis-

BOOKS

related disease that affects the skin and tissues, causing suppurating and painful sores, but which responds to injections of an arsenical drug, mapharsen, and can be cured in amazingly short periods.

But Dr. Wees and his cheerful young assistant brought more than medicine to the Ulithians. They brought understanding and sympathy, a rare combination of tact and common sense and courage. They loved the people almost from their first meeting; and were as quickly beloved by them. They had the advantage of advice from a Chaplain, Father Norton (or is it Father Thornton, who collaborated in writing this account?), who was from Notre Dame and was serving the Catholic islanders as well as his Navy charges.

The charm and integrity of these simple Pacific-island people, whose religion was as much a part of their lives as their fishing and areca beer, a faith that permeated them and was unaffectedly cherished and practised, is lasting witness to the sound work of the first Jesuit missionaries among them, as far back as the seventeenth century. They succeeded in making these islanders completely and devoutly Christian, without cant or self-consciousness, and with no clinging to pagan superstitious practices. They are a chaste and modest, industrious and happy, though poor people.

A totally different and lamentably unfair impression is given in a recent novel about the same natives, *The King of Fassari*, by David Divine. To the novelist the natives are still pagan under a nominal Catholicism.

Dr. Wees, who is a Protestant, made one of his most cherished projects the providing of a new church for "his people," in the building of which, he says, he saw "the miracle of Chartres live again. I actually watched a whole people build their hearts into their church."

In an affecting ceremony, Dr. Wees was made a co-king of the Ulithians by the hereditary king Ueg; but only shortly before he was ordered to another post. You will find yourself "blinking in the light" of the last pages which tell of his reluctant departure from his "kingdom." *King-Doctor of Ulithi* rates a twenty-one-gun salute from his fellow citizens; and his book deserves to be read with pride by everyone who can read.

What a grand film this fine story could be made into, if it were filmed just as it is told here! R. F. GRADY

SHE DIDN'T LEAP OVER THE WALL...

Most of us would have, without the slightest hesitation; *she* stayed inside and became a saint. It's St. Thérèse of Lisieux we're talking about. Maybe you think you know all about her, but when you read **STORM OF GLORY** by **John Beevers** (\$3) you will discover you were wrong—much of his material has never been used before. He wrote the book, by the way, because he was "sick to death of hearing St. Thérèse branded as the Little Flower and made the victim of a lot of sentimental gush." If you read her **COLLECTED LETTERS** (\$3.75) which we published last Fall, you are probably already a bit suspicious of all that syrup.

Not only did she not leap over the wall, but she definitely Lived With Her Eyes Open and very nearly Died Standing Up, attitudes which **Dom Hubert Van Zeller** would applaud. If you wonder how he got into this (as well you may) he is the author of two books, **WE DIE STANDING UP** (\$2) and **WE LIVE WITH OUR EYES OPEN** (\$2) the first mainly on the obstacles to holiness, the second (just out) mainly on the means to it. If you haven't yet encountered this author, we do recommend him to your notice, we're sort of fond of him. He seems so very well aware of what life is like for us laity, trying to get through our wildly complicated lives without losing sight of God.

Probably that book you meant to buy and can't remember the title of is **VESSEL OF CLAY** by **Leo Trese** (\$2), a parish priest's account of a day in his own life.

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What is democracy?

THE RAMPARTS WE GUARD

By R. M. MacIver. 152p. Macmillan \$3

For a parlor game, consider the many book-titles you can invent from our national anthem: *By the Dawn's Early Light; What So Proudly We Hailed; Proof Through the Night; Full Glory Reflected*, and a half-dozen others. A sure instinct guided the distinguished political philosopher and author of *The Web of Government, The More Perfect Union* and other classics when he named his latest *The Ramparts We Guard*. These are the ramparts of democracy, and the first job in guarding them is to know what democracy is, and what it is not. If we are to admit it, we must require the countersign. This means, says Dr. MacIver, that you are talking about a political system, and not about so-called economic democracy. As he observes:

Let us keep the record clear. There is no other kind of democracy. If the people have the rights and the liberties that enable them in a constitutional way to make a government, there and there alone democracy exists. Where it exists, it is not some qualified form to be called capitalist democracy or socialist democracy. There are no opposing kinds of democracy respectively named "political" and "economic." Indeed, it is exceedingly hard to give any genuine meaning to the expression, "economic democracy."

We must beware, says the author, of "defining democracy as a spirit, a creed, a way of living, a set of attitudes." If we do, we play into the hands of the authoritarians. "Democracy is a way of living and of being governed, maintaining through relevant institutions a certain structure of civil and political right and liberties."

With equal clarity, the author warns against the threats to our democratic heritage, such as "group anarchy," when different elements in the community start battling against each other, and personal "anomy," a loss of the individual sense of responsibility and an increase of egoism. Though he makes no mention of Pope Pius XII, his analyses are not unlike those of the Pope in his Christmas discourse of 1944 and in other pronouncements.

The final chapter, treating of the "true answer," which should be the strongest part of the book, seems the weakest. Dr. MacIver is committed to the idea that "religion was socially created," that it was a "social faith" before becoming transcendental or universal. However, one can question how well this is borne out by the history of religions. Did not the homage paid to a supernatural or transcendent deity

sometimes antedate the social aspects of religion, as it usually antedated its moral aspects? The social aspects of religion are religion's flower or fruit, rather than its "matrix," to use MacIver's word.

By positing democracy—a mere form of government—as something absolute, a final measure of all other values, which is his thesis, he weakens rather than strengthens democracy's case. This leaves the minority at the mercy of the democratic-absolute majority, and opens the door to that sort of political mysticism and pseudo-democratic authoritarianism which he himself so vigorously and healthily rejects. If we guard the ramparts, we cannot tinker with the spiritual foundations of the ramparts themselves.

Happily, Professor MacIver's main current of argument teems with so much genuine wisdom and practical prudence that we can afford to by-pass a philosophic back-eddy and enjoy one more of his intensely stimulating, quotable books.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC.

By Charles Péguy (translated from the French by Julian Green). Pantheon Books. 216p. \$3

This is the second of the two works M. Péguy wrote on the French saint. His first work, the very long version of 1897, embraced the saint's whole life in a drama of three plays, and contained expositions of some political beliefs. This present version (of 1910) is limited to the spiritual aspect, but it is still a formidable book. In one instance, for example, Madame Gervaise (p. 100) enters into a monolog of sixty-eight pages!

However, the patience of the reader will usually be rewarded in these tab-



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leaux of the life of Christ and His Mother, which often constitute a penetrating meditation though they bear particularly upon the misfortunes of Joan's time and country. The meditative quality is carried by repetitions of striking poetical effect, reminiscent at times of Negro spirituals. The best example, we believe, occurs in the fine, elaborate theme of Madame Gervaise to which we alluded previously. The repetition of the line, "Until the day when He had begun his mission" (p. 115), creates an intense suspense and is strikingly beautiful. Jesus until then was well liked by all.

Comrades, friends, fellow workmen, authorities,
Citizens,
Father and Mother
Thought it was all right

Until the day he had begun disorder.
Introduced disorder.

The greatest disorder there ever was in the world.
The greatest order there had been in the world.
The only order
There had ever been in the world.

From then on began Jesus' public life, and a new theme is introduced, that of the Holy Virgin, for whom Péguy had great devotion. Whereas she had previously been Queen of Beauty, she became Queen of the Seven Sorrows and of Mercy (p. 139).

The three characters in the story are fervent Christians. Madame Gervaise, the contemplative, anxious soul, expects justice only in the after-life. This attitude involves some complicity with evil, in Joan's eyes. On the other hand, Madame Gervaise warns Joan against pride for wanting visible results. Hauvette, peaceful soul, criticizes Joan for liking her suffering (p. 25). Each of the three remains firmly entrenched in her position.

Irony and wit also frequently occur in Péguy's quick turns of thought, as when he says that sometimes the government, sometimes the humble folk are against one, but Jesus had everybody against Him, the humble working people, who are serious and respectable, and the beggars, who are neither

But who are perhaps respectable just the same.
Because you do not know (p. 131).

This poem, written two years after Péguy's "conversion," may be his masterpiece, as Henri Clouard believes. At any rate, the poem celebrates a saint and a subject dear to the heart of a writer who was possessed with an ardent desire to change the world.

JEAN DAVID

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

By Joyce Cary. Harper's. 311p. \$3

The name Joyce Cary has appeared with tantalizing frequency in all sorts of literary comments. Little known in this country, he had obviously won a place for himself in English critical circles, with V. S. Pritchett as one of his foremost admirers. *The Horse's Mouth* does its share to explain the critical enthusiasm.

Gulley Jimson is the hero of the book—and a unique hero he is. Artist-genius, sixty-seven years old, he is as comic, amoral and vigorous a character as has appeared in fiction for a long time. It is necessary to range back in the rich beginnings of narrative writing to find characters of Gulley's stature.

Gulley has just come out of jail when the story opens—he had been caught making threatening and insulting telephone calls to his former patron. He returns to his ramshackle quarters to find his huge painting of the Fall more or less intact, and he wants to get on with the job—he has new ideas about Adam and Eve. Then begin his devious shifts to get paints and brushes, his mad harangues on art and life, his lengthy word pictures of the images and concepts he would put on canvas, his wily, conscienceless dealings with

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friends and enemies, his diatribes against the existing order, especially as represented by respectability and the police. Gulley has his own peculiar faith in God with William Blake as His prophet.

Wonderful people come and go in the pages of this book. Crazy they may be and without the law, but they are intensely human. Ideas compete with characters for the reader's attention; they are flung out wildly, challenging well-grooved thought patterns, whipping along from laughter to sober reflection and back again to laughter. Color and beauty are translated into words as Gulley registers his sharp impressions of the constant changes in the world about him. But rich as the background is, it is Gulley who is highlighted as the genius at odds with his world, the artist struggling to communicate what he believes to be his glimpse of divinity.

It is a distorted mirror that Gulley holds up to life, but in the distortion there are wisdom and laughter and beauty. This is not everyone's book; it is for readers who feel the better for a good mental shaking-up, for those who can stand the jolt of looking at life from a new and mad perspective, and mostly for those who can find delight in the wisdom that shines through the madness.

MARY STACK MCNIFF

THE GREAT MANTLE

By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green. 238p. \$3

Of the great Popes with which the Church has been blessed in the present century, possibly the most saintly and probably the most lovable was Pius X. Mrs. Burton has succumbed completely to his charm. Evidence of that devotion is found in great measure in the present volume.

The book makes no claim to be a definitive biography of the peasant who became Pope, nor will the reader find evidence of profound scholarship. Indeed, the work would more properly be classified under fictionalized hagiography than under church history. Much more space, for example, is devoted to the election and crowning of Pius than to the Modernist controversy. But there are many more details of human interest in that election, and more dramatic splendor in the enthronement of a Pope than in what is, to the average Catholic, an unknown theological—and therefore, by popular definition, a dry-as-dust—debate.

Using the mixture-as-before with a practised hand, Mrs. Burton has added to the main details of Pius' life a good helping of rather charming anecdotes, and mixed in is an appreciable measure of sheer imagination. Garnished with

a very readable style, the concoction is guaranteed to appeal to the taste of most of us. For the story of the rise of the cobbler's child to the Throne of Peter cannot but appeal to the people who produced Horatio Alger. Much more important, it is the story of a man who enlightened this drab and dreary century with the flame of sanctity. If the tales, so charmingly told, of little Beppo Sarto, of the parish priest, of the canon and professor, of the Bishop of Mantua, of the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, and finally of the Supreme Pontiff, foster the growing cult of the Pope of the Children and of frequent Communion, then Mrs. Burton's labor of love will have been amply rewarded.

The book is aimed at a popular audience. It is not too venturesome to aver that it will be deservedly popular.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN, S.J.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

By R. MacGregor Dawson. University of Minnesota Press. 188p. \$2.75

The author's preface states the book's purpose: to fill the need for a short, descriptive account of Canadian Government for those who have neither time nor inclination to read the longer and more technical studies. Professor Dawson's purpose is admirably achieved—but the book is much more than that.

In the first chapter Professor Dawson sets down seven characteristics of Canadian democratic government. They are drawn so clearly and accurately that they not only serve to acquaint the reader with Canada's political structure, but furnish him with firm and beautifully clear distinctions between Canadian and other forms of democratic government.

Having defined Canada's democracy, the author dispels all the popular fog about the Constitution. His concise brevity puts the British North America Acts in their exact place in the nation's Constitution. That alone was a job that badly needed doing. The rest of the book is rather a description of government in action than a textbook on political science. It not only turns up all the stones; it piles them in neat, easily remembered stacks. To have compressed so much into so few pages is an accomplishment. But Mr. Dawson, Professor of Political Science at the University of Toronto and 1947 winner of the Governor General's Award for academic non-fiction, has taught us to expect accomplishment. The timeliness of this volume is clear to all who follow the disputes now current in Ottawa on the Canadian Constitution.

DANIEL FOCARTY

REV. THOMAS G. V. O'CONNELL, S.J. is Professor of English at St. Peter's College, Jersey City.

REV. R. F. GRADY, S.J. is director of English studies in the Extension School at Scranton University and a frequent reviewer for *Best Sellers*.

DR. JEAN DAVID at present teaches French prose and the novel at the University of Washington.

THE WORD

At that time Jesus said to the multitudes of the Jews: . . . If I say the truth to you, why do you not believe Me?

There was a silence. Then Betty spoke from the depths of bewilderment. "Why didn't they believe Him, Daddy?"

"Yeah," said Joe, "that's what I'd like to know."

"Because they weren't good Jews," I told them.

They looked at me with eyes eloquently regretful. Children expect adults to measure up. They are always obscurely shocked to hear that some one has fallen short.

I read again from the Gospel for Passion Sunday: "He that is of God heareth the words of God. Therefore you hear them not, because you are not of God."

Joe's shoulders hunched, and he seemed to shrink. "I wouldn't want Jesus to say that to me," he said.

Betty's voice was hesitant. "It . . . it kind of scares you, doesn't it?" Her brown eyes held a touch of apprehension.

I put into words what they were feeling: "You mean it is terrible to think of God telling His people they were not of God."

They nodded, voicelessly.

I lifted a hand slightly, and let it fall. "It is frightening," I said. "It was frightening about Jews then, and it is frightening about Christians now."

There is something awe-inspiring about the silence of children. It is a silence not only of tongue, but of mind and body. They who are usually explosive in sound and motion suddenly grow still. They wait. Their bodies wait. Their hands wait. Their souls wait, receptively. Above all, their eyes wait with a strange watchfulness. And you know that what you say will never be forgotten. It will go through life with them, and through death, and on into life beyond. Betty and Joe were

waiting like that now. They were silent with that silence.

I sat pondering. "Kids," I said at last, "be smart soldiers. Don't let the enemy cut your supply lines. And don't you cut them."

I paused, and still they waited in that silence.

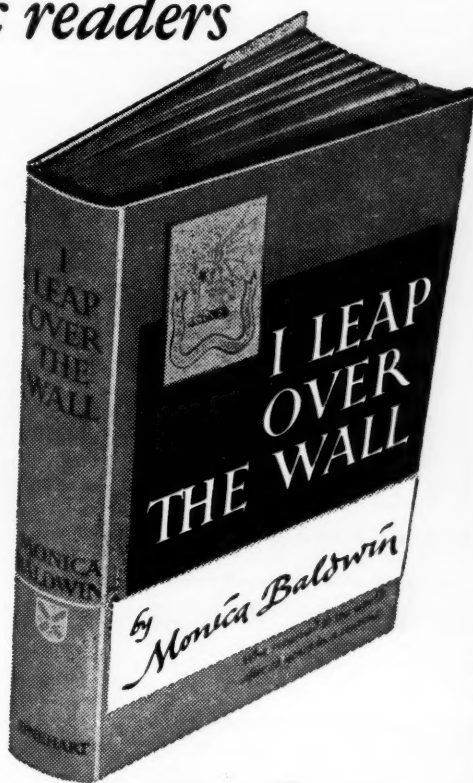
"Look," I said. "Look, Betty. Look, Joe. If you went away from me and from Mommy, and never saw us or heard from us, what would happen?"

Joe stirred in his stillness. "We'd forget about you," he said.

"That," I told them, "is what happened to those Jews. That is what hap-

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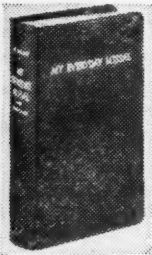
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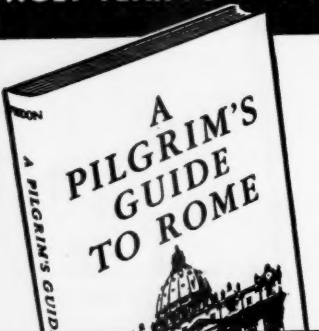
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pens to a lot of Christians. They forget about God. And when God comes with His grace for them, they don't know Him. He's a stranger; and by that time they love something else—money, or power, or flattery—"

I put out my hands and touched theirs. "Betty," I said. "Joe. In the first world war they had a slogan—'Lest We Forget.' Add one word, and make that your motto: 'Lest we forget God.' Read about God. Think about Him. Work for Him. Pray to Him. Then He'll never say those terrible words to you: 'Because you are not of God.'"

JOSEPH A. BREIG

THEATRE

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA, presented by The Theatre Guild in The Booth, is a story of frustration in which the characters go round and round, and finally pause where they began to revolve. In the first scene Sidney Blackmer is an amiable, patient husband and Shirley Booth is a slatternly wife. In the closing scene Mr. Blackmer is an amiable, patient husband and Miss Booth is a slatternly wife trying hard, or at least promising, to make her home and herself more attractive to her husband.

In the middle scenes Mr. Blackmer, an alumnus of Alcoholics Anonymous, becomes peevish and scowling, and eventually gets himself bestially drunk and goes after his wife with an ax, scaring her half to death. Those middle scenes, blended of excitement, sex and the pathos of defeated middle age contemplating the assurance and exuberance of youth, are the meat of the story, and they have been welded into one of the more intelligent native dramas of the season.

Miss Booth and Mr. Blackmer, featured in the leading roles when the play opened, were starred after the first-night raves, and richly deserve the honor; for rarely have a pair of actors poured more skill and sincerity into their roles. Joan Larring, as a young girl lodger in the house, is brisk and tactful in handling an essentially unwholesome character. William Inge, the author, owes a lot to The Guild's expert casting. Howard Bay designed the set, a very good one, and Lucille Little selected the costumes. Daniel Mann's direction is faultless.

As much cannot be said of the writing, however, for it is never quite clear where the story begins. It is clear that it has no end. It just stops. While Mr. Inge has the most important qualifica-

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tion of a good dramatist, the ability to create persuasive characters, he fails to bring their motives to light. Why did the husband, after being cured of his weakness for whiskey, suddenly go on a binge? Why did the lazy wife almost simultaneously embark on a splurge of house-cleaning?

The girl lodger seems to exert some kind of influence that throws the middle-aged couple off center, but why and how is not evident. The young lady, a co-ed in the local college, is engaged to a boy in her home town, but is not reluctant to have a fling with a member of the track team while waiting for her ring. The wife is exhilarated by this immoral conduct of their boarder, while the husband is depressed by it. It is, of course, depressing.

Here is a couple who know their marriage has lost its bloom, but are trying to save it from utter failure. They grip your attention and win your sympathy. Still, for some obscure reason, they are upset by a thoughtless and self-indulgent young woman whose desire of the moment is the only law she feels obliged to obey. Since the author does not reveal the psychological connection between the characters, his play is without either dramatic clarity or moral direction. The story, although

it is exciting in spots, and always holds the interest of the audience, begins and ends in a riddle.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

FRANCIS. The title role in *Francis* is played by an Army mule who can talk. Not only can he talk but he also has a preternatural knowledge of the enemy's present and future military plans plus a rugged, commonsense philosophy of life and a gift for humorous and succinct expression. He is therefore distinctly worth listening to. Probably the only reason he did not singlehandedly win the campaign in Burma was that he was reticent about his unusual gifts. A callow young shavetail named Peter Stirling (Donald O'Connor), had a hapless naïveté which touched Francis in spite of the old-line enlisted mule's contempt for second lieutenants. So Stirling was the only one to share the secret. As a result Peter spent half his time executing spectacular one-man coups against the Japanese and the other half

weaving baskets in the psychopathic ward whence he was relegated whenever he attempted to explain how he came by his special information. Eventually our much-abused young hero was rescued from his unique predicament when a crisis involving a beautiful spy (Patricia Medina), an assemblage of war correspondents and some top Army brass forced the mule, who valued his country more than his privacy, to make a public statement. However, as generally happens with trouble-prone second lieutenants, this relief turned out to be only temporary. *Francis* is a very amusing and ingenious family comedy, which from all indications is going to fare very well at the box-office. As an unfortunate by-product of this success it will probably elicit a flood of imitations lacking its special qualities of originality and disciplined whimsy and motivated by the easy but erroneous assumption that the public is thirsting for pictures about talking animals.

(Universal-International)

UNDER MY SKIN is Ernest Hemingway's story of a crooked jockey who ultimately gives his life winning a race to justify in some measure his small son's faith in him. It has most of the trappings of a standard "crime-does-

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not-pay" saga—a murderous gambling ring, brutal fighting, the tough and cryptic dialog of the underworld—which will probably alienate those who object to pictures about the criminal fringe of life because Hollywood makes a disproportionately large number of them. For adults disposed to judge films on their individual merits, however, this one has the advantage of good performances—by John Garfield, Micheline Prele, Luther Adler and young Orley Lindgren—as well as an emotional impact which stems from its emphasis on the workings of a man's conscience

rather than on the mere externals of melodramatic action.

(20th Century-Fox)

A WOMAN OF DISTINCTION is not a movie of distinction. It is rather one of those self-conscious farces which depend for laughs on exaggeration, *double entendres* and frantic, off-the-cuff invention and eschews plausibility and consistent characterization as though they were the plague. The heroine (Rosilind Russell) is an overly emancipated college dean, and the hero (Ray Milland) a rather stuffy professor

of astronomy. For some obscure motive of publicity a lady journalist (Janis Carter) promotes a purely fictional romance between them with the enthusiastic connivance of the dean's father (Edmund Gwenn) who believes that every girl, even a lady educator, should be married. Before the inevitable finale the script has contrived to make everyone look as foolish as possible, especially the cash customer who was lured into the theatre by the film's impressive cast.

(Columbia)

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PARADE

AS FLYING SAUCERS STREAKED through the American sky and social jitters spread through town and countryside thousands of feet below the saucers, the week's newspapers, day by day, mirrored the dual phenomenon. . . . The jittery reactions assumed divergent forms. . . . The instinct for self-preservation was on view. . . . In Los Angeles, a policeman entreated the superior court to protect him from his wife. . . . Deferred anxiety was glimpsed. . . . In Green Bay, Wis., a husband visited police headquarters to report that his wife had vanished. Asked how long ago she had vanished, he replied: "Eighteen years ago." . . . Missing towels were located. . . . In Washington, D. C., an ex-GI sued for damages, asserting that Army surgeons left a towel labeled: "Medical Dept., U.S.A.," inside him after an operation. . . . Tensions appeared in family life. . . . In Knoxville, Tenn., a wife testified that for years she was compelled to hand over her pay check each week to her husband. . . . Indications of the collapse of prices emerged. . . . In Little Rock, a used car firm advertised a 1930-model Chevrolet for sale at ninety-nine cents. . . . As the week reached its half-way mark, more saucers darted about in the sky above, more nerves snapped on the earth below. . . . Irascibility broke out. . . . In Seattle, a citizen set his car on fire. To inquiring police, he explained: "I got mad when the darn thing wouldn't start." . . . In California, a resident fired a volley of .22 rifle bullets into his used auto, told the judge that shooting the auto made him feel less irritated with it. . . . Misapprehensions were noticed. . . . When Glendale, Calif. autoists found lying on the street a man who said he had a broken leg they rushed him to a hospital. Examining physicians found that the broken leg was a wooden one, called a carpenter. . . . Embarrassing situations arose. . . . In Indiana, a university professor announced the discovery of a new drug to fight the common cold. The next day, the professor, his wife and two children were sick in bed with colds.

As the week neared its end, social tensions continued mounting. . . . In Massachusetts, a nineteen-year-old boy, the only support of his mother, traveled to New York, began robbing stores. After each hold-up, he telegraphed money to his mother with the message: "More coming." On his fourth job, the youth was nabbed by police. . . . De-

ception was practised. . . . In California, motorists stuck counterfeit tickets on their windshields when they parked in restricted zones. Before the deception was uncovered, police passed up many cars, feeling they were already tagged. . . . In Massachusetts, the founder of a group known as the Zoomites, of which he is the Zoom, prophesied that on April 7, 1954, an H-blast would wipe out present-day civilization, leaving no one on earth save the Zoomites. The

Zoom added that following the blast his Zoomites would rear up a new civilization. . . . Conflicting dates for doomsday were advanced. . . . In New Mexico, an Indian medicine man predicted that the world will explode before next winter.

The jumpy state of human society today is a symptom of a deep-seated malady. . . . Modern men, by and large, are assuming they can manage this world without God. JOHN A. TOOMEY

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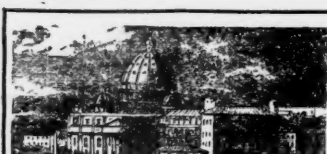
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CORRESPONDENCE

Teacher weights the scales

EDITOR: In re: "AITHOPAISCAU" in the Underscorings of your Feb. 25 issue.

During the summers I attend the University of Alabama. Last summer a young man came to me asking for some references. In one of his history courses the professor assigned Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power* for "outside" reading. The student was distressed at the contents and wanted to know where he could find material for presenting the correct views in class discussion.

Never was anything more opportune than Fr. Dunne's reply in *AMERICA*. We used the information contained therein, installment by installment throughout the months of June and July. We could hardly wait for the next issue of *AMERICA* for fresh ammunition to counter the current chapters under discussion.

Everything was going beautifully until one day the professor asked the young man for the source of his information. *AMERICA*, was the answer. Can you imagine our chagrin when we heard: "Oh! That! A propaganda sheet and certainly not to be admitted in this class as a valid source!"

HILARY DREAPER, O.S.B.

St. Bernard, Ala.

Second-class citizens

EDITOR: Congratulations to Father Claude H. Heithaus, S.J., for writing, and to *AMERICA* for publishing, "Does Christ want this barrier?" (Am. 2/11/50).

For many years I have been employed as a social worker, principally in Harlem and in similar Negro sections of New York City. Throughout these years I have been amazed at the manner in which Negro people whom I have met have fulfilled the whole law and the prophets by their love of God and love of their fellow man. They have little, if any, of this world's goods, but have no hesitation about sharing the little they have with others. I have met hundreds who have reared as their own the children of deceased friends or relatives. None has ever commented on the sacrifices made in rearing these children; they loved their deceased friends and relatives, and they loved the child. Their attitude seems to be: what else could one do?

If Negroes were to come into the Church in large numbers, they undoubtedly would have a revivifying influence. There is, however, little hope for any large-scale conversion of Negroes to the Catholic faith as long as we Catholics of the lordly white race continue to insist that Negroes must be satisfied with second-class citizenship in the Kingdom of Christ.

New York, N. Y.

JOHN C. CAREY

Controlled schizophrenia

EDITOR: Your February 25 observation that Dr. Klaus Fuchs is not "an unusual, almost a unique, personality" with regard to his development of a "controlled schizophrenia" provoked considerable discussion in my circle.

Is Dr. Fuchs more a product of "modern education" than of our longer established openly "competitive society"?

Most of us are suffering from our own controlled schizophrenia in which "business is business" and "humanitarianism" is left to mass, impersonal, collective welfare efforts led, for the most part, by "intellectuals." We average citizens believe in standards of good and evil, right and wrong, but our beliefs are safely locked in logic-tight departments which are rarely consulted on weekdays.

Dr. Fuchs betrayed a trust and a nation for an ideal (no matter how misguided). How many of us betray Christ and our brothers for the less lofty dollar?

Baltimore, Md.

RUDOLPH MALKIN

Bouquet

EDITOR: From the editions I have read I consider *AMERICA* the finest magazine of its kind that I have ever seen. Thank you for your work.

Emmetsburg, Md. JOHN N. McFEE JR.

Brickbat

EDITOR: I have been reading *AMERICA* for the past three or four years, together with a few other Catholic publications. As far as I am concerned, *AMERICA* seems to be supporting most of the present-day socialistic, if not pink, movements which, in my opinion, will, if successful, bring Uncle Sam to his knees, if not to his grave.

As a youngster I came from the so-called wrong side of the tracks and spent the best part of a lifetime extricating myself from that supposedly unfortunate environment. But now, as I read *AMERICA* and other like-minded publications supporting almost limitless subsidies, social benefits and handouts for the so-called underprivileged, I am beginning to feel that I should never have moved from the old neighborhood.

It may be that I am behind the times, but I do not like to see priests pinning union or political buttons on their cassocks, or wearing the collar of capital or labor or of partisanship. Wearing the collar of God should be a big enough job in itself.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

CHARLES J. RYAN

(The last paragraph, perhaps we should note, is identical with what appeared in Westbrook Pegler's column for 2/28/50.—Ed.)

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